

# THE SATURDAY

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### IN OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Crown me with leaves—with autumn leaves,  
Make me a crown without a thorn,  
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,  
And this is the day I was born.

Carry my sickly bowers away,  
Their odor is faint, and their hues are cold—  
They tell of age and of dim decay,  
And I shall never be old!

Crown me with leaves—with golden leaves,  
Weave me a crown without a thorn,  
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,  
And this is the day I was born.

Ah me! we labor so long to learn  
To mark our souls and to warp their truth,  
That few among us deserve or discern  
The secret of deathless youth!

Crown me with leaves—with rosy leaves,  
Braid me a crown without a thorn,  
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,  
And this is the day I was born.

They are not dying—these leaves of ours—  
These colors are never the hues of death;  
They only blush for the foolish flowers  
Which drop at the frost's first breath.

So make my crown of the brave bright leaves,  
A garland hiding no cruel thorn,  
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,  
And this is the day I was born!

Yellow and scarlet and opal green,  
See how pallid your blossoms grow!  
Warmer crimson never was seen,  
Or tenderer purple—no!

Crown me with leaves—with rainbow leaves,  
Twine me a crown without a thorn,  
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,  
And this is the day I was born!

See! these are like colors, where the sun has set,  
While these are pale, and wet with tears;  
Ah! these are the friends who love me yet,  
And these are my conquered years!

Crown me with leaves—with gorgeous leaves,  
Make me a crown without a thorn,  
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,  
And this is the day I was born!

## THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,  
TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

The appearance, manner, and bearing of the two strangers impressed me strongly. The elder had evidently moved in refined and cultivated society all her life. There was about her the air of a lady, born and bred—dignified, calm, easy, and courteous. The daughter was a lovely blossom on this stately stem—delicate, beautiful, sweet with the odors of innocence. I saw her now as I saw her on that first night of our meeting—to my eyes a new born vision of loveliness.

I found Constance awaiting, with curious interest, my return. I was going right into the heart of this new wonder, and could not fail to bring back some revelation that would satisfy, in a measure, the excitement of mind produced by so singular an intrusion of strangers upon our quiet town. I answered her first look of inquiry by the words—

"It is over. Another look of life is sealed up here to be opened in eternity."

"Dead! Not dead?"

"Yes, Constance, Mrs. Allen is dead. Her spirit had passed away before my arrival."

"How did she die?—from what cause?"

"From what I can learn she died in a fit of passion." I then related all that I had seen and heard.

"But who can they be?" This query came as a natural sequence. "What right have they in the Allen House?"

"Whoever they may be," I replied, "they act, or, at least, the elder of the two ladies, acts as if her right there was not even open to a question. And, perhaps, it is not."

"But what can they be to the Allens?"

"I will give you," said I, "the benefit of my guessing on the subject. You recollect the story told about Captain Allen's mother; how she went off a great many years ago with a stranger—an Englishman?"

Constance remembered all about this family history—for it was the romance of our town.

"My conclusion is that this lady is the sister

of Captain Allen—the child that his mother took with her when she fled from her husband's house. I am strengthened in this belief from the first impression of her voice, as if the tones had in them something familiar."

We talked this matter over, looking at it in every way, until we satisfied ourselves that my conjectures must be true. The quiet manner in which they had intruded themselves, and taken possession of the house—unheralded as far as we knew—could not but present itself to our minds as a matter of special wonder. The more we counted it over the more we were puzzled.

Before coming home I had called at an undertaker's, and notified him that his services were wanted at the Allen House. Early on the next day I took the liberty of calling there myself. I sent up my name, and awaited, with some interest, my reception. The visit might be regarded as an intrusion, and I was prepared to receive a message from the lady asking to be excused. Not so, however. I had been seated only a few moments, when I heard the rustle of her garments on the stairs. My first glance at her face assured me that I was no unwelcome visitor.

"Thank you, Doctor," she said, as she extended her hand, "for this early call. Our meeting last night for the first time can hardly be called a pleasant one—or the associations connected with it such as either of us might wish to recall."

"Our control over events is so slight," I made answer as I resumed my seat, "that we should separate unpleasant feelings as far as possible from any memories connected with them."

A faint, sad smile just lightened up her placid face, as she said, in reply to the remark. "Ah, Doctor, that may not be. Lives are too intimately blended here for any one to suffer or do wrong without leaving a burden of sadness on other memories."

"True; but the burden will be light or heavy according to our strength."

She looked at me without replying, for the remark was so palpable, that it seemed to involve nothing beyond a literal fact.

"Or rather," I said, "the burden will be heavy or light according to our state of equality."

There was a sign of awakening interest in her countenance as if my remark had touched some hidden spring of thought.

"If we are right with ourselves," I went on, "the disturbance produced by other's misconduct will not reach very far down. The pressure of sadness may lie upon us for a season; but cannot long remain; for the pure heart will lift itself into serene atmospheres."

"But, who is right with himself?" she said, "whose heart is pure enough to dwell in these serene atmospheres. Not mine, alas!"

I looked into the suddenly illuminated face, as she put these questions, in surprise at the quick change which had passed over it. But the tone in which she uttered the closing sentence was touched with tender sadness.

"Rather let me say," I made answer, "in the degree that we are right with ourselves. None attain unto perfection here."

"Yet," said the lady, with a sweet calmness of manner that made her look beautiful—"it is not pleasant to imagine a state of perfection—or rather a state in which evil is quiescent, and the heart active with all good and loving impulses? How full of inspiration is such an ideal of life! But the way by which we must go, if we would rise into this state, is one of difficulty and perpetual warfare. The enemies of our peace are numbered by myriads; and they seek with deadly hatred to do us harm."

"And yet are powerless," said I, "if we keep the outworks of our lives in order."

"Yes," she answered, "it is in the very ultimate or last things of our lives where the power of repulsion resides. We can, in temptation, be it ever so strong, refuse to act in the wrong direction—refuse to do an evil thing, because it is sinful. And this is our bulwark; this is our tower of safety; for it is only in wrong doing that our enemies gain the victory over us. They may assault us never so fiercely—may dazzle our eyes with the glitter of this world's most alluring things—may stir the latent envy, malice, pride, or dishonesty that lurks in every heart—but, if we stand still; hold back our hands and stay our feet—if we give our resolve 'No' to all enticements, and keep our actions free from evil, all hell cannot prevail against us. God will take care of the interior of our lives, and make them pure and heavenly if we resist evil in the exterior. But, pardon me; I did not mean to read you a homily."

She smiled with a grave sort of smile, and then sat silent.

"I like your way of talking," said I. There was something about the lady that put me at ease with her, and I said this without reserve as if I were speaking to a friend. "It looks to higher things in life than people usually regard as worthy of our chief consideration. To most of us the outer world offers the highest attractions; only the few turn inwardly to the more beautiful world of mind."

"Outward things fade, change, die; only spiritual things dwell in unfading beauty. We are in a world of mere effects as to our bodies; but the soul lives in the world of causes. Do we not spend a vain and unprofitable life, then, if we go on building, day after day, our tabernacle on the ever-shifting sands of time, instead of upon the immovable Rock of Ages? But, who is guiltless of this folly? Not I! Not I!"

Again that calm, earnest voice fell to a lower key, and was veiled by a tender sadness.

"It is something gained," she added, with

returning firmness of tone, "if even after the sharp lessons of many years we get glimpses of Truth, and are willing to follow, though it be at a far distance, the light she holds aloft. You—it is something gained—something gained!"

She spoke the last words as if merely thinking aloud, and not addressing an auditor.

"Can I aid you in anything, madam?" said I, breaking in upon a state of reverie into which her mind seemed to be falling. "The circumstances under which you find yourself are peculiar—I refer to the death of Mrs. Allen, following so quickly on your arrival among strangers—and you may stand in need of friendly service from one who knows the people and their ways. If so, do not hesitate to command me."

"I thank you, sincerely," she answered, unbending still more from her almost stately manner. "Friendly consideration I shall need, of course—as who does not in this world? And I repeat my thanks, that you have so kindly and so promptly anticipated my needs. So far as the remains of my unhappy kinswoman are concerned, I have referred all to the undertaker. He will carry out my wishes. Tomorrow, the interment will take place. On the day following, if it is altogether agreeable to yourself, I would esteem a call as a particular favor."

I arose, as she concluded the last sentence, saying as I did so,

"I will be sure to call, madam; and render any service in my power. You may regard me as a friend."

"Already you have exerted my confidence," she answered, faintly smiling.

I bowed low, and was retiring, when she said—

"A moment, Doctor!"

I turned toward her again.

"Doctor, it may be well for you to see my daughter."

"Is she indisposed?" I asked.

"Not exactly that. But the excitement and alarm of the last two or three days have been, I fear, rather too much for her nerves. I say alarm, for the poor girl was really frightened at Mrs. Allen's wild conduct—and no wonder. Death following in so sad a way, shocked her painfully. She did not sleep well last night; and this morning she looks pale and drooping. In all probability, quiet of mind and body will soon adjust the balance of health; still, it may be safer for you to see her."

"A mere temporary disturbance, no doubt, which, as you suggest, quiet of mind and body will, in all probability overcome. Yet it will do no harm for me to see her; and may save trouble."

"Excuse me a moment," she said, and left the room. In a little while she returned, and asked me to accompany her up stairs.

I found the daughter in a black and gray silk wrapper, seated on a lounge. She arose as I entered, a slight flush coming into her face, which subsided in a few moments, leaving it quite pale, and weary looking. After we were all seated, I took her hand, which was hot in the palm, but cold at the extremities. Her pulse was feeble, disturbed, and quick.

"How is your head?" I asked.

"It feels a little strangely," she replied, "morning it two or three times, as if to get some well defined sensation."

"Any pain?"

"Yes; a dull kind of pain over my left eye, that seems to go deep into my head."

"What general bodily sensation have you?"

"None, except a sense of oppression and heaviness. When I raise my arm, it seems to fall like lead; if I move about I am weary, and wish to be at rest."

"Rest is, by all means, the most desirable condition for you now," said I. Then addressing her mother, I added—"I think your daughter had better lie down. Let her room be shaded and kept quiet. She needs rest and sleep. Sleep is one of nature's great restorers."

"Will you make no prescription, Doctor?" the mother asked.

I reflected on the symptoms exhibited, for a few moments, and then said,

"Nothing beyond repose, now. I trust that nature, as the pressure is removed, will work all right again."

"You will call in again to-day?"

"Yes; towards evening. I will see your daughter, when I hope to find her improved in every way."

I spoke with a cheerfulness of manner that did not altogether express my feelings in the case; for, there were some indications, not yet clear enough for a diagnosis, that awakened slight concern. As I did not wish to go wrong in my first prescription, I deemed it better to wait a few hours, and see how nature would succeed in her efforts to repel the enemy. So I went away, with a promise to call again early in the afternoon.

### CHAPTER IX.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when I called again at the Allen House. An old colored servant, who had been in the family ever since my remembrance—she went by the name of "Auntie"—was standing by the gate as I alighted from my chair.

"Deed, massa, Iee glad you come," said she, in a troubled way.

"Why so, Auntie? No body very sick, I hope?"

"Deed, an dar is den; else old Auntie don't know nothin'."

"Who?"

"Why dat blessed young lady what dropped in among us, as if she'd come right down from Heaven. I was just a gwine to run down an ax you to come and see her right away."

I did not linger to talk with "Auntie," but went forward to the house. The mother of Blanche met me at the door. She looked very anxious.

"How is your daughter now?" I asked.

"Not so well as when you saw her this morning," she answered. Her voice trembled.

"I would have called earlier, but have been visiting a patient several miles away."

"She has been lying in a kind of stupor ever since you were here. What can it mean, Doctor?"

The mother looked intently in my face, and paused for an answer, with her lips apart. But I knew, as little as she, what it meant. Ah, how often do anxious friends question us, and hearken eagerly for our replies, when the signs of disease are yet too indefinite for any clear diagnosis.

"I can tell better after seeing your daughter," said I.

And we went up to the sick girl's chamber; that north-west room, at the window of which I had first seen the fair stranger, as I stood wondering in storm and darkness. I found her lying in apparent sleep, and breathing heavily. Her face was flushed; and I noticed the peculiar odor that usually accompanies an eruptive fever.

"How do you feel now?" I asked.

She had opened her eyes as I took her hand. She did not answer, but looked at me in a half bewildered way. Her skin was hot and the pulse small, but tense and corded.

"Does your head ache?"

I wished to arouse her to external consciousness.

"Oh, it's you, Doctor."

She recognized me, and smiled faintly.

"How are you now?" I inquired.

"Not so well, I think, Doctor," she answered.

"My head aches worse than it did; and I feel sick all over. I don't know what can ail me."

"Have you any uneasiness, or sense of oppression in the stomach?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, Doctor." She laid her hand upon her chest, and drew in a long breath, as if trying to get relief.

"Have you felt as well as usual for a week, or ten days past?" I inquired.

"No, Doctor." It was the mother who answered my question. "And in order that you may understand the case clearly, let me say, that it is only a week since we arrived from England. We came over in a steamer, and were fifteen days in making the trip. From Boston, we came here in our own carriage. Before leaving home, Blanche went around to see a number of poor cottagers in our neighborhood, and there was sickness at several of the places where she called. In one cottage, particularly, was a case of low fever. I was troubled when I learned that she had been there, but still hoped that her excellent state of health would repel anything like contagion. During the first part of our voyage, she suffered considerably from sea-sickness; but got along very well after that. If it had not been for the unhappy scenes of the last few days, with their painfully exciting consummation, I think she would have thrown off, wholly, any lurking tendency to disease."

I turned my face partly aside, so that its expression could not be seen. The facts stated, and the symptoms as now presented, left me in little doubt as to the nature of the malady against which I had to contend. Even while her mother talked, my patient fell away into the stupor from which I had aroused her.

My treatment of the case, coincided with the practice of men eminent in the school of medicine to which I then belonged. I am not a disciple of that school now, having found a system of exacter science, and one compassing more certain results with smaller risk and less waste of physical energy.

In order to remove the uneasiness of which my patient complained, I gave an emetic. Its action was salutary, causing a determination towards the skin and opening the pores, as well as relieving the oppression from which she suffered.

"How is your head now?" I asked, after she had been quiet for some minutes.

"Better. I feel scarcely any pain."

"So far all is right," said I cheerfully.

The mother looked at me with an anxious face. I arose and we retired from the room to the parlor. Before leaving I spoke encouragingly to my patient, and promised to see her early in the morning.

"My daughter is very sick, Doctor. What is the disease?" The mother spoke calmly and firmly. "I am not one towards whom any concealments need be practiced; and it is most that I should know the worst, that I may do the best."

"The disease, madam," I replied, "has not yet put on all of its distinctive signs. A fever—we call it the fever of incubation—is the forerunner of several very different ailments, and at the beginning, the most accurate eye may fail to see what is beyond. In the present case, however, I think that typhoid fever is indicated."

I spoke as evenly as possible, and with as little apparent concern as possible. But I saw the blood go instantly back from the mother's face.

"Typhoid fever!" she ejaculated in a low voice, clasping her hands together. I learned afterwards, that she had cause to dread this exhausting and often fatal disease. "Oh, Doctor!

do for her as if she were your own and only child."

She grasped my arm, like one catching at a fleeting hope.

"As if she were my own and only child!" I repeated her words in promise and assurance, adding,

"The first result of the medicine which I gave is just what I desired. I will leave something more to be taken at intervals of two hours, until midnight. In the morning, I hope to find a very encouraging change."

"But, Doctor," she replied, "if this is a case of typhoid fever, no hope of any quick change for the better can be entertained. I am no stranger to the fearful malady."

"Attacks of all diseases," I answered to this, "are more or less severe, according to the nature of the predisposing and exciting causes. So far as your daughter is concerned, I should think, from the very slight opportunity I have had of forming an opinion in regard to her, that she is not readily susceptible of morbid intrusions. Under an unusual exposure to exciting causes, the balance of health has been overcome. If my presumption is correct, we have the steady effort of nature, in co-operation with remedial agencies, working towards a cure."

"Do you think the attack light, or severe?" the mother asked, speaking more calmly.

"Neither light nor severe; but of a character, judging from the first impression made upon it, entirely controllable by medicines."

This opinion gave her confidence. As I had spoken without any apparent concealment, she evidently believed the case to stand exactly as I had stated it. After leaving medicine to be taken, every two hours, for the first part of the night, I went away.

In the morning, I found my patient in that comatose state, the usual attendant upon typhoid fever. She aroused herself on my entrance, and answered all questions clearly. She had no pain in the head, nor any distressing symptoms. Her skin was soft and moist. All things looked favorable. I gave, now, only gentle diaphoretics, and let the case progress, watching it with the closest attention. In this, I followed my usual course of treatment as to giving medicines. If I could produce a reaction, or remove some obstruction, and give nature a chance, I did not think it wise to keep on with drugs, which, from their general poisonous qualities, make even well people sick—regarding the struggle of life with disease as hazardous enough, without increasing the risk by adding a new cause of disturbance, unless the need of its presence were unmistakably indicated.

The course of this fever is always slow and exhausting. My patient sunk steadily, day by day, while I continued to watch the case with more than common anxiety. At the end of a week, she was feeble as an infant, and lay, for the most part, in a state of coma. I visited her two or three times every day, and had the thought of her almost constantly in my mind. Her mother, nervous for the occasion, was calm, patient, and untrifling. The excitement which appeared on the occasion of my first visits, when there was doubt as to the character of the disease, passed away, and never showed itself again during her daughter's illness. I saw, daily, deeper into her character, which more and more impressed me with its simple grandeur, if I may use the word in this connection.

There was nothing trifling, mean or unwomanly about her. Her mind seemed to rest with a profoundly rational, and at the same time child-like trust, in Providence. Fear did not unnerve her, nor anxiety stay her hands in anything. She met me, at every visit, with dignified self-possession, and received my report of the case, each time, without visible emotion. I had not attempted to deceive her in anything from the beginning; she had seen this, and the fact gave her confidence in all my statements touching her daughter's condition.

At the end of a week, I commenced giving stimulants, selecting, as the chief article, sound old Madeira wine. The effect was soon apparent, in a firmer pulse and a quickened vitality. The lethargic condition in which she had lain for most of the time since the commencement of the attack, began to give way, and in a much shorter period than is usually the case, in this disease, we had the unmistakable signs of convalescence.

"Thank God, who, by means of your skill, has given me back my precious child!" said the mother to me, one day, after Blanche was able to sit up in bed. She took my hand and grasped it tightly. I saw that she was deeply moved. I merely answered,

"With Him are the issues of life."

"And I have tried to leave all with Him," she said. "To be willing to suffer even that loss, the bare thought of which makes me shudder. But I am not equal to the trial, and in mercy He has spared me."

"He is full of compassion, and gracious—He knows our strength, and will not test it beyond the limits of endurance."

"Doctor," she said, a light coming into her face, "I have much to say to you, but not now. I think you can understand me."

I merely bowed.

"There is one thing," she went on, "that I have liked in you from the beginning. I am to you a total stranger, and my presence in this house, is a fact that must awaken many questions in your mind. Yet you have shown no restless curiosity, have plied me free to speak, or keep silence. There is a manly courtesy about this that accords with my feelings."

I bowed again, but did not venture upon more words of compliment.

"I am not sure," said she, "that my name even is known to you."

"It is not," I answered. "You have seemed to avoid any allusion thereto, and delicately forbade my asking."

"There has been no purposeful concealment. My name is Montgomery; and I am sister to the late Captain Allen."

"I had already inferred this relationship."

The remark evidently surprised her.

"On what ground could you base such an inference?" she asked, curiously.

"On traditional ground. The history of this old mansion is familiar to most persons in the neighborhood; and some of the incidents connected with the family have too strong a tinge of romance about them to easily pass into oblivion. It is well known to us that Captain Allen had an only sister."

"What is it said to be of her?"

"When she was about two years of age her mother carried her off, sailing, as was believed, to England, of which country she was a native."

"Is the name of the child preserved in this tradition?"

"Yes. It was Flora."

"My own name," she said.

"And in person you are identical."

"Yes. My mother's early life embraced some dreadful experiences. Her father and mother, with two brothers and a younger sister, were all murdered by pirates. She alone was spared, and afterwards became the wife of a sea captain, who, I fear, was not a man innocent of blood. On this point, however, my mother was reserved, almost silent. In the course of time she grew so wretched, as the wife of this man, that she sent a letter to England, addressed to some remembered relative, imploring him to save her from a life that was worse than death. This letter fell into the right hands. A cousin was sent out from England, and she fled with him. No attempt, as far as we know, was ever made to follow and regain her. She did not live many years afterwards. I grew up among my relatives, ignorant of her history. My memory of her is distinct, though she died when I was but eight years old."

"I married, at the age of twenty-six, an officer in the British army, one of the younger sons in a titled family, for whom no way in the world is opened, except through the church or the battle-field. General Montgomery chose the profession of a soldier, not from a love of its exciting and fearful concomitants, but because he had no fancy for the gown and cassock, and could not be a hypocrite in religion. He went quite early to British India, and distinguished himself there by many acts of bravery, as well as by his humane and honorable conduct. So highly was he regarded by the East India Company, that he was selected for most important services, and assigned to posts of great responsibility. He was past thirty years of age when I met him, on the occasion of one of his visits to England. The attraction was mutual; and when he returned to Calcutta, I went with him as his wife. Then came twenty years of a happy married life—happy, I mean, so far as a perfect union of souls can make us happy in this world, but miserable, at times, through intense anxiety for the absent one exposed to fearful perils."

"We had three children." There was a tremor in the voice of Mrs. Montgomery as she referred to her children. "One only remains." She paused, as if to recover herself, then went on.

"I lost my husband first. Ten years ago, he fell at the post of duty, and, while my heart lay crushed and bleeding under the terrible blow, it leaped with throbbings of pride, as his honored name went sounding from lip to lip, and from land to land. I had not the sad pleasure of being with him in that last time. For the sake of our children, I was residing in England."

"Troubles rarely come alone. Two years afterwards my oldest son died. My home was in the family of General Montgomery, where I was treated with great kindness, but as my income was not sufficient for an establishment of my own, I felt a sense of obligation that is always oppressive to one of my nature. This feeling grew upon me daily, and at last began to haunt me like a constantly re-appearing specter. It is now about three years since, in looking over some old letters and papers, I came unexpectedly upon a document written by my mother—all the evidence as to this was clear—and addressed to myself. How it should have remained so long unobserved, and yet in my possession, is one of the mysterious things which I do not attempt to explain. There is a Providence in all things, even to the most minute, and I simply refer the fact to Providence, and leave it there. This document spoke briefly, but with no special particularity, of her marriage with a Captain Allen, and settlement in this town. It stated that she had two children, a son and a daughter, and that in leaving America for England, she had taken her daughter, but left the son behind. There was no suggestion as to the use to be made of these facts; but there was such a statement of them as left their verification, I thought, easy. I turned them over and over in my mind, and in the end resolved to gain all accessible information touching the present condition of things. To this end, I went over, about two years ago, a man of prudence and intelligence, versed in legal matters, with instructions to obtain all possible particulars in regard to my brother, his family and estate. He brought back word that my brother



one was dead; that he had left no children; and that his widow, it is said, she was over his legal will, which seemed to be decided—was old, in poor health, and verging towards mental imbecility, if not insanity. That there was a large and valuable estate, to which I, as sister of Captain Allen, was undoubtedly heir.

"I kept these things, for the time being, to myself, and pondered over them in some perplexity as to the best course to take. But from those thoughts, my mind was soon turned by the illness of my oldest daughter. After a lingering sickness of many weeks, she died. It seemed almost impossible to arouse myself from the stunning effects of this blow. It crushed me down more than any previous sorrow, for it fell upon a heart weakened by pain. It was many months before the discipline of this affliction awakened me to thoughts of a higher life. Then I began to rise into sterner heights—to see as by an interior vision, to believe that even our saddest things may fall upon us in mercy."

"Finally, circumstances of which I need not speak, made me resolve to leave England, and under legal advice of the highest authority, take quiet possession of this estate, which is mine."

Mrs. Montgomery ceased speaking.

"Perhaps," she resumed, after a moment, "it may be as well, all things considered, that you do not speak of this for the present. I shall, as soon as my daughter's full recovery gives me time to enter into the subject, place my affairs in the hands of a safe legal agent, in order that they may assume due form and order. You can, no doubt, refer me to the right individual."

"I can," was my reply. "Judge Bigelow, of our town, is the man. I speak of him with the utmost confidence."

"Thank you, Doctor. You lay me under additional obligation," she said. "I will, at an early day, consult him."

Thus closed this deeply interesting interview.

## CHAPTER X.

I attended Blanche Montgomery through her slow convalescence, and had many opportunities for observing her and her mother closely. The more intimately I knew them the higher did they rise in my estimation. A purer, sweeter, truer-hearted girl than Blanche I had never seen. There was an artlessness and an innocence about her but rarely met with in young ladies of her age. Respectably was she free from that worldliness and levity which so often mark young maidenhood. Her mind was well stored and cultivated, and she was beginning to use her mental treasures in a way that interested you, and made you listen with pleased attention when she spoke on even common place subjects. Her manners had in them a grace and dignity that was very attractive. As she advanced towards health her deportment took on an easy, confident air, as if she looked upon me as a true friend. Her smile, whenever I appeared, broke over her gentle face like a gleam of sunshine.

Mrs. Montgomery's manner towards me was distinguished by the same frankness that marked her daughter's deportment. The stately air that struck me in the beginning I no longer observed. If it existed my eyes saw it differently. At her request, when her mind was sufficiently at ease about her daughter to busy itself with the common affairs of life, I bought Judge Bigelow to see her, and she placed her business matters in his hands. The Judge was very much struck with her person and manner, and told me the day after his first meeting with her that she came nearer to his ideal of a lady than any woman he had ever met, and as for the daughter she seemed more like a picture he had once seen than a piece of real flesh and blood. I smiled at the Judge's enthusiasm, but did not wonder at the impression he had received.

Other characters in our story now claim attention, and we must turn to them. After Henry Wallingford had gained the mastery over himself—the struggle was wild, but brief—he resumed his office duties as usual, and few noticed any change in him, except that he withdrew even more than ever into himself. I met him occasionally, and observed him closely. In my eyes there was a marked difference in the aspect of his face. It had an expression of patient suffering at times—and again I saw in it a most touching sadness.

The dashing nephew of Judge Bigelow offered himself to Squire Floyd's daughter in about a week after her rejection of Wallingford's suit, and was accepted. I became immediately cognizant of the fact through my wife, who had the news from Della's aunt, Mrs. Dean. A day or two afterwards I met her in company with young Dewey, and observed her closely. Alas! In my eyes the work of moral retrogression had already begun. She was gay and chatty, and her countenance fresh and blooming. But I missed something—something the absence of which awakened a sigh of regret. Ralph was very love-like in his deportment, flustering about Della, complimenting her, and showing her many obtrusive attentions. But eyes that were in the habit of looking below the surface of things, saw no heart in it all.

Squire Floyd was delighted with his daughter's fine prospects; and he and Judge Bigelow drew their heads together over the affair in a cozy and confidential way very pleasant to both of them. The Judge was eloquent touching his nephew's fine qualities and splendid prospects, and congratulated the Squire, time and again, on his daughter's fortunate matrimonial speculation. He used the word which was significant beyond anything that entered his imagination.

A few days after the engagement Ralph Dewey returned to New York. The wedding-day had not been fixed; but the marriage, as understood by all parties, was to take place some time during the next winter.

From that time I noticed a change in Della. She grew silent in company, and had an absent way about her that contrasted strongly with her former social disposition. Young people rallied her in the usual style about her heart being absent with the beloved one, but I read the signs differently. It could not but follow, that a soul, endowed like hers, would

have misgivings in view of an alliance with one like Ralph Dewey. What was there in him to satisfy a true woman's yearnings for conjunction with a kindred nature? Nothing! He was all outside as to good. A more selfish, egotistical, egotizing man of the world. While she had a heart capable of the deepest and truest affection. Would he make the fitting complement to her life? Alas! No! That were a thing impossible.

During the few months that preceded this marriage, I often heard his promise discussed by my wife and Mrs. Dean, neither of whom had any strong liking for the young New York merchant.

"It's my opinion," said Mrs. Dean, as she sat with my wife one evening, about two months after the engagement had taken place, "that Ralph has more froth than substance about him. He really talks, sometimes, as if he had the world in a sling and could toss it up among the stars. As far as my observation goes such people flourish only for a season."

"If Della were a child of mine," said my good Constance, in her earnest way, "I would admonish her rather than trust her with Henry Wallingford than with Ralph Dewey."

"Yes, and a thousand millions of times," responded Mrs. Dean. "He is a man. You know just what he is, and where he is. But, as for this splashing nephew of Judge Bigelow—who knows what's below the surface. Della's father is all taken up with him, and thinks the match a splendid one. Sister don't say much; but I can see that she has her misgivings. I can talk to you freely, you know."

"I don't think," said I, "that Della has grown more cheerful since her engagement. Brides expectant ought to feel as happy as the day is long."

"More cheerful! Oh, dear, no! She isn't the same that she was at all; but mopes about more than half of her time. It's just my opinion—spoken between friends—that she cares, now, a great deal more for Henry than she does for Ralph."

"Do they ever meet?" I inquired.

"Not very often."

"They have met?"

"Yes, several times."

"Have you seen them together?"

"Oh, yes."

"How does she act towards him?"

"Not always the same. Sometimes she is talkative, and sometimes reserved—sometimes as gay as a lark, and sometimes sober enough, as if there were such a weight on her spirits, that she could not smile without an effort."

"Does the fact of his presence make any change in her?" I inquired. "What I mean is, if she were lively in spirits before he came in, would she grow serious, or if serious, grow excited?"

"Oh, yes, it always makes a change. I've known her, after being very quiet, and hardly having anything to say, though in the midst of young company, grow all at once as merry as a cricket, and laugh and joke in a wild sort of way. And again, when she has been in one of her old, pleasant states of mind, I have noticed that she all at once drew back into herself. I could trace the cause to only this—the presence of Henry Wallingford. But this doesn't often happen, for he rarely shows himself in company."

"Is there anything noticeable about Henry when they meet?" I asked.

"Not to an ordinary observer," replied Mrs. Dean. "But I look with sharper eyes than most people. Yes, there is something noticeable. He always puts himself in her way, but with a kind of forced, resolute manner, as if the act were a trial of strength, and involved a stern heart discipline. And this, I think, is just the real state of the case. He has deliberately and resolutely entered upon the work of unwinding from his heart the cord which love has thrown around it in so many intertwined folds. So I read him. To break it by sudden force, would leave so many unwooled portions behind, that the memory of her might sadden the whole of his after-life. And so he is learning to grow indifferent towards her. To search in her for such things as repel, instead of for those that charm the heart."

"A dangerous experiment," said my wife, "for one who has loved so deeply."

"It would be to most men," I remarked. "But there is stuff about Henry—the stuff that strong, persistent, successful men are made of. If he has begun this work, he will complete it certainly."

A few weeks afterwards, I had an opportunity of seeing them together, and I improved it to observe them closely. It was in a mixed company at the house of Judge Bigelow. Wallingford came in rather late. I was conversing with Della when he entered the room, and we were at an interesting point in the subject under consideration. I noticed, all at once, a hesitation and confusion of thought, as her eyes rested with a sudden interest, on some object in the room. Glancing around, I saw the young man. We went on with our conversation, Della rallying herself, as I could see, with an effort. But she talked no longer from thought, only from memory—uttering mere truisms and common-places. She put on more animation, and affected a deeper interest, but I was not deceived.

We were still in conversation, when Wallingford joined us. I saw him fix his eyes, as they met, searchingly upon her face, and saw her eyes drop away from his. He was fully self-possessed, she not at ease. His mind was clear; hers in some confusion. I remained some time near them, listening to their conversation, and joining in occasionally. Never before had I seen him appear so well, nor her to such poor advantage. She tried to act a part—she was herself. I noticed, as he led the conversation, that he kept away from the esthetic, and held her thought in the region of moral causes. That he dwelt on the ends and purposes of life, as involving everything. Now and then she essayed a feeble argument, or met some of his propositions with light banter. But with a word he obliterated the sophism—and with a glance repressed the badinage. I think she could never before have so felt the superiority of this man, whose pure love—almost worship—she had put aside as a thing of light importance; and I think the interview helped him in the work upon which he had

entered, that of obliterating from his heart all traces of her image.

After this interview, they did not draw together again during the evening. Della tried to be gay and indifferent; but he noted himself out just as he was. I did not observe that he was more social than usual, or that he mingled more than was his wont with the young ladies present. For most of the time he kept, as was usual with him, in company and in conversation with his own sex.

I could not but pity Della Floyd. It was plain to me that she was waking up to the sad error she had committed—an error the consequences of which would go with her through life. Very, very far was she from being indifferent to Wallingford—that I could plainly see.

During the winter, Ralph came up frequently from New York to visit his bride to be. As he was the nephew of Judge Bigelow, he and Wallingford were, as a thing of course, thrown often together during these visits. It can hardly excite wonder that Wallingford maintained a reserved and distant demeanor towards the young man, steadily repelling all familiarity, yet always treating him with such politeness and respect that no cause of offence could appear. On the part of Dewey, it may be said that he saw little in the grave plodder among dusty law books and discolored parchments, that won upon his regard. He looked upon him as a young man good enough in his way—a very small way in his estimation—good enough for 8—, and small enough for a country town lawyer. He would have put on towards him a patronizing air, and tried to excite in his mind a nobler ambition than to move in his circumscribed sphere, if something in the young man's steady, penetrating, half-mysterious eye had not always held him back.

"I never can talk with that young associate of yours, uncle," he would say, now and then, to Judge Bigelow, "and I can't just make him out. Is he stupid or queer?"

The Judge would smile—or laugh quietly to himself—or perhaps answer in this wise: "I think Henry understands himself. Still waters, you know, run deep."

One day in February, on the occasion of a periodical visit to 8—, young Dewey called in at Judge Bigelow's office, and finding Wallingford alone, sat down and entered into as familiar a talk with him as was possible, considering how little they had in common. Ralph had a purpose in view, and as soon as he saw, or thought he saw, Wallingford's mind in the right mood, said:

"I am going to ask a particular favor, and you must not refuse."

"If I can serve you in anything, it will be my pleasure to do so," was the ready answer.

"You know that I am to be married next month."

"So I have heard," replied Wallingford.

"You will stand my groomsmen? Don't say no."

He had seen an instant negative in the young man's face.

"Almost anything else, but not that!" replied Henry, speaking with some feeling. He was thrown off his guard by so unexpected a request.

"Come now, my good friend, don't take the matter so much to heart!" said Dewey, in a light way. "Plenty of good fish in the sea yet—as good as ever were caught. You must forgive the girl for liking me the best."

"You jest on a grave subject," said Wallingford, his face growing pale, but his eyes, a little dilated, riveting his companions where he stood.

"No, I am in earnest," said Dewey, with something in his manner that was offensive.

"Just or earnest, your familiarity is out of place with me," retorted Wallingford, with a sternness of manner that quickened the flow of hot blood in Dewey's heart.

"Oh, you needn't take on airs!" replied the other, with a sneer of contempt. Then, uttering to himself, yet loud enough to be heard,—"I did not suppose the puppy would growl at a familiar pat on the head."

This was too much for Wallingford. At another time, he might have borne it with a manly self-possession. But only an hour before he had met Miss Floyd in the street, and the look she then gave him had stirred his heart, and left a tinge of shadowy regret on his feelings. He was, therefore, in no mood to bear trifling, much less insult. Scarcely had the offensive words passed Dewey's lips, when a blow in the face staggered him back against the wall. Instantly recovering himself, he sprang towards Wallingford in blind rage, and struck at him with a savage energy; but the latter stepped aside, and let his assailant come, with stunning force, against the wall at the other side of the office, when he fell to the floor.

At this instant, Judge Bigelow came in.

"Henry! Ralph!" he exclaimed—"what is the meaning of this?"

"Your nephew insulted me, and in the heat of anger I struck him in the face. In attempting to return that blow, he missed his aim, and fell against the wall, as you see."

Wallingford spoke without excitement, but in a stern, resolute way. By this time, Dewey was on his feet again. The sight of his uncle, and the unflinching aspect of the person he had ventured to insult, had the effect to cool off his excitement many degrees.

"What is the meaning of this, young men?" sternly repeated Judge Bigelow, looking from one to the other.

"I have answered your question as far as I am concerned," replied Henry.

"Ralph! Speak! Did you offer him an insult?"

To this demand, the nephew replied, with no abatement of his originally offensive manner—

"If he chooses to consider my words as an insult, let him do so. I shall in no case take them back."

"What did you say?"

There was an imperative force in the Judge's manner.

Dewey was silent.

"What did he say?"—Judge Bigelow turned to Wallingford, "that you should answer it with a blow?"

"If he is satisfied with the answer," replied

the latter, "the case can rest where it is. If not, I am ready to meet him on any appeal. He will find me no trifler."

The Judge turned again to his nephew.

"Ralph! I insist upon having this matter explained. I know Henry too well to believe that he would strike you, unless there had been strong provocation."

"Perhaps he regarded it as such; I did not," said Dewey.

"If he is satisfied with his chastisement, there is no occasion to press him further," Judge Bigelow said, provoked to this by the young man's cool impertinence.

Dewey made a movement as if about to rush upon Wallingford, but the Judge interposed his body to keep them apart. The appearance of a fourth party at this juncture, in the person of Squire Floyd, the prospective father-in-law of one of the belligerents, changed materially the aspect of affairs.

"Good-morning, Squire," said Wallingford, with a quickly assumed cheerfulness of manner, smiling in his usual grave way.

Both the Judge and his nephew saw reason to imitate the example of Wallingford, and thus throw up a blind before the eyes of Squire Floyd, who thought he perceived something wrong as he came in, but was afterwards inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses.

Wallingford retired in a few moments. When he came back to the office an hour afterwards, he found a note of apology on his table, accompanied by a request that so unpleasant an incident as the one which had just occurred, might be suffered to pass into oblivion. No acknowledgment of this communication was made by the young lawyer. He felt the strongest kind of repugnance towards Dewey, and could not gain his own consent to have any intercourse with him. His position, as an associate with Judge Bigelow, occasionally brought him in contact with the nephew, who recognized him always in a respectful manner. But Wallingford held him ever coldly at a distance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

## TERMS, &amp;c.

The Terms of the POST are \$2 a year, if paid in advance—\$3, if not paid in advance. IF THE FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid in advance. For \$2, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

## THE AMERICAN POLICY.

Few readers could help laughing at the wicked story coined probably by a Paris editor, who represented that Mr. Ward, the American Minister to China, had been carried to Peking in a box, marked "right side up with care." It is to be hoped.

Later news would lead us to believe, that the box was simply a sedan chair—a conveyance very frequently used in the East—and that Mr. Ward has been treated with all due consideration.

If a few polite words in the case of the American Minister, have been more effective than all the menaces of France and England, it would be nothing unusual in the history of this world. Men and Nations are always taking the most difficult means to attain their ends. Probably if France had offered Austria just one-half of what she has spent in the last war, Austria would have given up without compulsion all that the Treaty of Villa Franca promises as the result of force. Besides, there would have been no such quibbling then as to just what both parties meant, as there is now.

Half of the treasure would have been saved, and all of the lives; and no bad feelings been left to rankle as the result of defeat.

If the allied nations of France and England have to go to war with China to secure their trade, the cost of the war probably will more than equal the profits of that trade for fifty years.

If the American Minister has been received, as now reported, and the object of his mission attained, we trust it will have a tendency to convince the courts of Europe, that in dealing with all half civilized and barbarous peoples, a smile will generally go farther than a frown. Especially in cases where favors are to be asked, which the uncivilized have a clear right to refuse, is the courteous policy the true one. A man must be a great barbarian not to know that he has a moral and political right to refuse to trade—and any attempt to force men to do that which they have a clear right to refuse to do, can hardly fail to make them at heart your enemies. As a proof, therefore, of the wisdom of the just and amicable course pursued by our Government in these Chinese difficulties, we welcome the recent news. And we trust it may have an effect to inaugurate justice and courtesy to the heathen and other weaker nations, as the true American, as well as the only Christian policy.

GLORY TO SCHILLER.—The Germans of this city contemplate a three days' festival to commemorate the 10th of November, the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the gifted and heroic poet, Schiller. On the evening of the 9th, there will be a torchlight procession, a thing the Germans of all nations understand. When the procession reaches the Academy of

Musik the torches will be thrown in a heap and burst (German fashion), after a festive song and appropriate oration. While the procession is moving along, one hundred cannon shots will be fired.

The chief festivities will take place on the evening of the 10th, in the Academy of Music. The Germania Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bentz, has been engaged for this occasion, and nine different associations of singers (Gesangvereine) and a number of solo singers will perform, the entire chorus over two hundred singers. An oration in German, by Gustavus Remak, and one in English, by Rev. W. H. Furness, will also be given. The reading of a poem, written for the occasion by Ferdinand Freiligrath, is to be followed by the unveiling of the statue of Schiller.

On the third day, the 11th of November, the celebration will be concluded with the representation of one of Schiller's dramas, at the Stadt Theatre. The whole affair will manifest the veneration of all of German blood, for the genius and nobility of Schiller, and no doubt will be participated in by thousands from the adjoining country.

## A SLANDER REFUTED.

It has been widely circulated among the literary circles of the United States, that the original from which Mr. Dickens drew his celebrated character of Harold Skimpole, was no less a person than the well-known English author, Leigh Hunt. This has been repeatedly denied, but being as often re-asserted, probably it is still the general belief. A late writer in "Bentley's Miscellany," however, gives an emphatic, and what would seem to be authoritative denial to this story in the following words:—

"It is generally thought that the character of Skimpole, in 'Bleak House,' was intended for the portrait of Leigh Hunt, and the world drew its inference accordingly to the disadvantage of the supposed original; but it is only an act of justice to Mr. Dickens to state that, when the rumour reached his ears, he immediately called upon his old friend to say how grievous it was that such an unfounded report should have got abroad, and expressed his anxiety to do anything that might be suggested to counteract, and, if possible, to neutralize it. There is something truly shocking in the cruel injustice of representing this brave old man not only as a mere selfish Sybarite, but as one devoid altogether of honor and integrity. Look at the right side of the tapestry! Self-denying and hard-working—generous, though with scanty means—ever ready to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others, and with personal wants that were satisfied with the simplest expenditure, for sixty years his pen was never idle, he continued to write till within a few days of his death, and we have it from one who stood at his bedside when he died, that not many weeks before his death, feeble and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. We know also how his latest hours were employed. As the last verses that Shelley ever wrote were a Welcome to his friend to Italy, so the last writings of Leigh Hunt, a few days before his death, were a defence of Shelley against the calumnious attack in a life of the Poet by a pretended friend. It is a consolatory reflection to those who mourn the death of Leigh Hunt that he not only outlived most of the early enemies which his courage and love of truth provoked, but that those who had been his foes were, in many instances, converted into his warmest admirers."

It seems to us a pity that Mr. Dickens, instead of offering to contradict the report, had not at once contradicted it, over his own signature. An emphatic line or two from him would have arrested the calumny at once. But the Lie in this case has gone, not only a thousand miles, but around the world, while Truth was putting on her boots.

Not a TRICK BULL.—To the paragraph going the rounds of the papers, stating that a sister of Robert Fulton was an inmate of a poor-house in Monroe county, Pennsylvania, Mr. M. H. Decker, of Stroudsburg, replies as follows:—

There is a mistake in the printers somewhere. We have no "poor-house" in Monroe county, consequently we have no superintendent of such an institution. Our postmaster handed the letter to me, and requested me to answer it. I recollect reading the same intelligence in some paper a few days ago, and I think it was in Monroe county, Virginia—the printer may have taken "Va." for "Pa." There is no person by the name of FULTON in our county, and I assure you that if there were (within the limits of our county) a sister to the immortal Fulton, she never would become an inmate of a poor-house! She would be taken into one of our best families, and treated as a sister.

While we doubt a little the "best family" and "sister" part of the above, we cannot doubt that a sister of Robert Fulton—known to be such—would be properly cared for in any part of Pennsylvania; and we trust we may say the same for Virginia, for the fame of Robert Fulton belongs not alone to any State, but to the whole broad Union.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

A neat little volume gives us BARY MAY AND OTHER POEMS ON INFANTS, by the English poet, W. C. BENNETT. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) We have in past time published several of these exquisite baby-songs, in which all fathers and mothers find echoes of their own hearts' fondest fancies and feelings.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November, is out, with the names of Ticknor & Fields on its cover as the new publishers.

In the magazine way, ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE has indisputably good claims. The November number, now before us, has a steel engraving, a fine colored fashion plate, six or eight pages of needle-work patterns and drawings of ladies and children's dresses and decorations; besides tales, poems, essays, anecdotes; hints on health; receipts for house-keeping; directions for toilet work of various kinds, and other matter of interest and value to families. This, too, is a cheap magazine, as the advertisement of terms in another column will show.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

ELEMENTS OF MILITARY ART AND SCIENCE. By H. WAGER HALLACK, A. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

GERMANIA. By EDWARD ARNOT. Translated from the French by MARY L. BOOTH. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

EDITED BY THE BACKWOODS GIRL. A Story for Girls. By MRS. L. C. TWEED. Charles Scribner, New York.

THE PALACE OF THE GREAT KING. By THE POWER, Wisdom and Goodness of God Illustrated in the Multiplicity and Variety of His Works. By Rev. HOLLIS REAR. C. Scribner, New York.

THE BOY'S OWN TROOP-MARKS. By K. LANDRELL. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE OLD STORE MARRIAGE. By CHARLES J. PETERSON. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IS REQUISITE. By FRANK CHERRY. John K. Potter, Philadelphia.

REMARKS BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Fifth Series. Sheldon & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. October. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

## THE HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY.

THE TRIAL—BROWN REFUSED TO SET UP THE CLAIM OF INADVERTENCE—MRS. LUTHER—THE TESTIMONY—WITHDRAWAL OF HIS COUNSEL, &c.

The preliminary examination of the prisoners on the 25th, resulted in their being held for trial. The prisoners were conducted from the jail under a guard of eighty armed men. A guard was also stationed around the Court House, and bayonets are bristling on all sides. The prosecution is conducted by Charles R. Harding, Esq., Attorney for the County, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Esq.

The Court inquired of the prisoners had counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

Virginia: I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial, and under no circumstances whatever will I be able to attend a trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without the mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners, and I am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory doesn't serve me as a shield. My health is insufficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances, if a fair trial is to be allowed us, that I would urge in our favor, but if we are to be forced, with the mere form of a trial, to execution, you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult; nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what the design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have no little to ask other than that I be not foolishly insulted by the cowardly and barbarous insult those who fall into their power.

The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

After considerable discussion, in which the prisoners were assured they were to have a fair trial, they were allowed to select their own counsel. Brown's object in refusing counsel was, that if he had counsel, he would not be allowed to speak himself, and Southern counsel would not be willing to express his views. He finally accepted the counsel, however.

THE TRIAL.—Charlottesville, Oct. 26.—The Circuit Court met at 10 o'clock this morning. Judge Parker on the bench.

The Grand Jury was called, and after answering to their names retired to resume the examination of the witnesses, when the Court took a recess while awaiting the return of the Grand Jury.

Mr. Johnson, U. S. Marshal from Cleveland, Ohio, arrived this morning















## POMMERROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## VII.

A gray stone building, not large, and very old, stood within view of the back of the Abbey of Pommeroy. It was called the keep, and its walls were overgrown with moss, like the abbey. A gentle slope of green grass descended from it, then came a long level dell, and then, on another gentle slope, rose the abbey. On this side, the abbey had no entrance; you must travel round to the front, before you could get in.

Sitting on the dry and warm grass before the keep on a sunny September day, was the lovely lady of Pommeroy; she had thrown herself there in sport, as the young like to do; and, peering the grass before her, was a woman bearing an infant of some two months old. It was not, however, the heir, who had been so anxiously expected, and for whom great rejoicings had been planned, for the anticipated heir had turned out to be a pretty little girl. The lord of Pommeroy did not appear to care much for the disappointment; plenty of time yet, he observed to those who would have consoled with him; and he had decreed that the festivities should be held just the same. So this was their last day of quietness, for on the morrow the abbey would be filled with guests; and the lord of Pommeroy had taken advantage of his last day of leisure, for a fortnight, to ride to a neighboring town, and his lady sat, as you have seen, on the grass, before the old and uninhabited keep.

"Bridget, is the baby sleeping?"

"Just going off, madam."

"Then take her in doors."

The woman moved towards the abbey with her charge. Nice to the late housekeeper, and remaining in the abbey as assistant to the present, she had been promoted to the office of nurse to the child, simply because Mrs. Pommeroy had become fascinated with her tales and her legends of the dead and gone Pommeroy, belonging to the ages as dead and gone as they were. Whilst she lay ill, Bridget, who sometimes replaced her attendant, would recount to her marvellous legends of the Pommeroy's grandeur and chivalry, varied with whispers of the Pommeroy's less laudatory exploits. Mrs. Pommeroy took quite a liking for the woman, and she assigned to her the place of nurse to the child, herself being its nurse in some sense of the word. It was not an unwise choice, for Bridget was steady, attentive, and not young.

Mrs. Pommeroy sat on, after Bridget had turned away, her parasol held over her right arm; that is, between her face and the sun. It was pleasant to recline there at her ease, enjoying the balm of the warm and tranquil air, and she fell into a train of thought, from which she was aroused by the sound of foot-steps behind her, hastening down the slope of the keep. She turned her head, and—

What was it that dazzled her eyes, as if the glaring sun had suddenly flashed upon them? What was it that dazzled her mind to bewilderment? She rose up, little conscious what she did; her cheek flushed and paled, paled and flushed, her hands trembled, her heart grew sick and dizzy. Whose form was it, that caused all this emotion?

It was that of a noble-looking man, of the remarkable height, the well-turned limbs, the fine shape of her own husband; it was, in short, that of the brother of the lord of Pommeroy. But one year's difference between them in age, their figures, their hair, their eyes as much alike as could well be; at a distance the one might have been mistaken for the other. But on a nearer view—then you saw the contrast; the lord of Pommeroy's stern expression, and his hard lips, and the exceeding beauty of the countenance of his brother Rupert.

Rupert started as she rose and turned her face towards him; he had not given a thought to who it might be, sitting there. She looked at him, not speaking, but she could not conceal the agitation which had taken possession of her whole frame, and he halted and stood before her. Alas! though she had resolutely thrust Rupert Pommeroy from her mind, and so believed she had thrust him from her heart, this sudden meeting served to show that the love had never wholly smothered. She covered her face with agitation with a look of scorn, for she had come to believe that he had wilfully played her false. Not less scornful, however, was the tone of Rupert.

"I hope I see well the lady of Pommeroy," again they stood gazing at each other, neither speaking. Mrs. Pommeroy remembered her position as the wife of his brother, his chief, and she struggled to maintain it as she ought.

"I believe I speak to Rupert Pommeroy," she coldly said.

"Am I so changed that you need ask?" was his retort. "I should have thought, by the circumstances attending our last meeting, that you would only too well have remembered me. Have you forgotten that last meeting?"

She was thunderstruck at his audacity.

"Do you know who I am?"

"To my cost I do know it. Guy's wife. But in that last meeting you swore to be mine. Alice," he continued, his voice trembling, "I trusted you from my very soul."

She could not comprehend, she advanced a step nearer to him.

"Are you aiming to deceive me again now, as you did then? To what end? You and I have nothing in common, from henceforth, but hatred and scorn."

He looked at her steadily, mockery in his eye and on his lip.

She was excessively agitated; she could not understand his looks; instead of striking to the earth with shame for the treachery he had played her, he appeared to throw the blame and scorn to her.

"You are my husband's brother," she resumed, "and I will say to you what I would not stoop to say, were I any other man's wife. You came in secret to my mother's home to win my love; how dared you so come, dastardly pretending that your love was mine?"

"Dastardly!" retorted Rupert, his eye

flashing: "I am a Pommeroy. If it was dastardly for one brother to seek you, it was for the other. What, though Guy was the heir?—had you wanted position and riches, why did you not say so?"

"I did not want them. You know I did not."

"You married them, at any rate," he slightly returned. "And you made pretty good haste to do so."

"This show of recrimination will not serve you," resumed Mrs. Pommeroy. "Once more I ask you, and if you have a grain of honor you will answer—why you came, dastardly deceiving me with your false vows."

"If you had sought about you as true as they were, you would do, lady of Pommeroy. Whatever other ill I may have done, I loved you faithfully; as I have never loved and never shall love another."

"You may spare yourself the avowal, Rupert Pommeroy; to what end, I ask, lie about it now? I knew who it was you did love; whom you were loving and visiting, while I am ashamed of myself for thus alluding to anything so disgraceful."

"As you have alluded to it, you had better explain, lady of Pommeroy. I do not know what you are speaking of."

"You do. I speak of that unhappy person whom you took away with you."

Rupert looked at her.

"What person?"

"I was told all about it. I blush for myself, that I should deign to allude to it again—but I wish you to know that, though you succeeded in deceiving me for a space, the enlightenment came; therefore we shall stand on equal ground for the future."

"I ask what person," he repeated; "what do you mean?"

"Gaut's daughter," replied Mrs. Pommeroy, in a low tone.

After a stare of surprise, Rupert burst out laughing. Mrs. Pommeroy turned indignantly away.

He strode after her and caught her by the shoulder.

"Did you mean what you say, Mrs. Pommeroy? It is not possible that you suspect me of having abducted Sybilla Gaut?"

"I do not suspect. I know you did."

"Then hear me," he said, almost as passionately as his brother Guy could have spoken: "I swear to you that I never had a thought of love towards Sybilla; the one for whom she left the village, she is with now."

There was truth in his eye and in his tone. Mrs. Pommeroy turned ghastly pale.

"Will you tell me with whom she is?"

Rupert hesitated.

"There is a reason for its not being known at Abbeyland. Will you keep it secret if I tell you?"

"I will."

"She is with my brother, George Pommeroy. Who put you on this wrong scent?"

"Guy!"

"Guy! Then I shall have a score to settle with him."

"He believed it was you. The village believed it."

"Guy did not—whatever the village may have done. The village laid many a peccadillo on my back, being a broad one, that had no legal right there. What did I care! It made me none the sadder."

"Guy did not?" dreamily repeated Mrs. Pommeroy.

"Guy knew better. He knew as much as I did."

"Joan thought it," she continued. "My mother thought it."

"Very likely. I have a broad back, I say, and always have had one. Was this the reason of your being false to me?"

"Yes," she answered, her pale lips quivering. "Guy would come to me, pressing me to be his wife; to get rid of his importunities I confided to him that I loved you, that I had promised to wait and be yours, and then he ridiculed my credulity, and told me you were the cause of all the ill that had happened to Sybilla Gaut; that she had followed you, and was with you then."

Rupert turned from her, muttering an impression that she ought not to hear.

"And then you married him?"

"And then I married him. I was mad, Rupert. I did not care what became of me. He has played us both false."

"He has played us both false," echoed Rupert, "false as his own false nature. I did not come here, I was in debt, and afraid; and then, a month or two before I heard of your marriage, I could not come, for I was put in prison. Guess who put me there? Guy."

"Oh, Rupert! It has been a black plot of treachery against us both."

"It has; and it succeeded. He won you by a lie; let him look to himself."

Rupert spoke in a pointed manner, and Mrs. Pommeroy had little doubt what it was he alluded to, and she shuddered as with a sudden fear. That dread portent for the lords of Pommeroy—when one of them should win a wife by means of a lie.

Rupert Pommeroy placed his hand on Mrs. Pommeroy's shoulder.

"You love me still," he whispered. "I see it."

"From my whole heart," she answered, for indignation was strong within her; and she had begun to hate her treacherous husband with a deadly hatred.

She quitted Rupert and walked to the abbey. As she was entering its gate she met Gaut, the gamekeeper. An uncontrollable impulse prompted her to speak.

"Do you ever expect Sybilla back again?"

"I hope so," was his reply. "But it is more than I can answer for."

"You know what the village said—that she went away with a Pommeroy?"

"The village dared not have said such a thing to a Pommeroy's face; or to mine either," was Gaut's stern reply.

"Rupert got the blame."

"Did he? He did not deserve it."

"Did he not deserve it?" significantly repeated Mrs. Pommeroy.

Gaut drew himself up to his full and noble height.

"There was no blame attaching to any one,"

and I do not like it spoken of in connexion with my daughter and with the Pommeroy. Rupert Pommeroy was as a brother to Sybilla, nothing else. We used to think he cared for another; but, whether or not, he had no thought of Sybilla, or she of him."

Mrs. Pommeroy's cheeks flushed, for she knew he alluded to herself, and she walked on. "Won by a lie!" she muttered, "won by a lie!"

That same evening, Rupert Pommeroy found his way into the abbey to his brother's presence. What passed, none, apart from themselves, could precisely say, but a storm, that terrified the servants, raged within the saloon. They gathered in the ante-rooms, and in the corridors, and Mrs. Pommeroy, so far as could be heard, took Rupert's part. It ended by the lord of Pommeroy's dashing open the door and ordering the servants to thrust his brother forth. They would have done it; they dared not disobey the lord when he had that temper upon him, or indeed at any other time, for implicit obedience was always given to the lords of Pommeroy, but Rupert walked forth of his own accord. As he passed the spot where Mrs. Pommeroy stood, he bent down and whispered a word to her, and she answered by an intelligent glance. Exaggerated tales of the interview went forth to the village, spoken by the domestics, whose imaginations, however, had supplied the chief, for they had only heard a word here and there, and had seen nothing.

After the departure of Rupert, Mrs. Pommeroy went up-stairs to her child; it was waiting a low wall of complaint or pain. Mrs. Pommeroy took it, but it would not be soothed; there was still the same low wall; not a cry.

"I cannot think what the matter with her," exclaimed Bridget. "She has never cried like this; when she does cry, it is like all other children, loud enough for the whole abbey to hear, but not this strange pining wail."

No; Mrs. Pommeroy might try her best; the infant would not be tranquillized. Was it waiting for the distress that was coming on its home?

When Mrs. Pommeroy gave back the child, she went to her own room and rang for her maid. "Which bed-chambers have been prepared for the guests to-morrow?"

"All that were available, I think," was the reply.

"Is the small room at the side of the corridor, next to the blue room, ready?"

"Yes, madam. I know it is, for I helped to carry in the linen to the different rooms, and that was one."

"Carry my things there," said Mrs. Pommeroy.

The servant doubted in what sense to take the words.

"Remove all my things to that room, I say," repeated Mrs. Pommeroy. "Now. Call some one to help you. It will be mine from henceforth, instead of this."

The girl stood with open mouth. "And the lord's things also?" she asked, in puzzled wonder.

"Mine, I said," was the curt retort of Mrs. Pommeroy.

She went outside, and stood at one of the windows, apparently gazing into the courtyard. In reality she was gazing within her, at her own outraged heart. Her hands were clasped together until the nails pressed into the skin; but what cared she then for bodily pain? In a little while she continued her way to the saloon where she had left her husband. It was a gorgeously fitted-up apartment, all gilding and beauty, a contrast to the dark spirals of those two who were now in it. The mirrors reflected their heavy countenances, but Mrs. Pommeroy had made a compact with herself, that she would be cool and contemptuous, rather than fierce.

The lord of Pommeroy was sitting in a costly chair, calm, save that his eye was evil. His wife went up and stood in front of him; she placed her hands before her, one over the other, like a school-girl repeating a lesson to her governess, and began in a measured tone, steadily looking at him.

"Why did you bring this misery upon us?"

His gray eye flashed. "I have brought no misery. You will bring it upon yourself, if you behave as you did to-night."

"You have brought a misery upon us that will never end but with our lives. It never shall end."

"Speak for yourself," rejoined the lord.

"I do; but I also speak for you, lord of Pommeroy. You shall go your way, and I will go mine; we are strangers from this hour."

"Perhaps you would like to go your way with Rupert," sneered the lord; speaking, though, in the plenitude of his security that such a catastrophe could no more take place than that the stars could shine at noonday.

"No," she replied, catching up her breath with a gasp, and her face turning to crimson, "you have barred that for ever."

His lips parted, as if to laugh; but he closed them again.

"Why did you do so? Why did you come to me with that wicked tale—knowing it was false?"

"I had two motives," he coolly replied. "One was, that I loved you; I was dying for you; the other was, that I would save you from him. Had you been suffered to marry him, he would have toyed with your heart for a month, and then broken it."

"I was dying for Rupert," she returned, in a low tone, whose passion was kept down, while the large tear-drops of regret filled her eyes. "Far rather would I have been his for a month, though my heart had then broken, than yours to eternity."

He suppressed an imprecation.

"You shall not repeat such language to me."

"You have heard it before," was the agitated reply. "I told you, in the very hour that you came forth to win me with your falsehood, that I loved your brother with an all-enduring love; I told you I should never love you. You have not forgotten."

No, that he had not. Often enough had he writhed at the remembrance of the words.

"On the eve of our marriage—it must have been a good spirit sent the doubt to me—a thought came that you were deceiving me, and I put the question deliberately to you. Do you remember your answer? I prayed you to tell me whether you were; I pointed out that

should it ever come to light, later, that you were so deceiving me, it would be bad for both of us. It has now come."

"Let us have done with this, Alice," cried the lord, in a tone of conciliation.

"Done with it?" she repeated. "Yes, presently, when I have finished; but its effects will never be done with. Guy Pommeroy, I will no longer be your wife; never again; never, never!"

He smiled.

"Yes, you will."

"Never again," she murmured; "I would not do so wickedly; for my whole love is Rupert's. I thought it was conquered; I did, indeed; but the sight of him has shown me my mistake. The fact is, since I have been your wife, I have been suppressing his image, keeping it under; I would not suffer it to rise, I would not dwell upon it. Henceforward I shall cherish it and live upon it; so you see how impossible it is that I can stay here to be your wife."

Guy's lips were turning livid.

"You may get a separation; a divorce; anything you please; the sooner the better. And then you may bring home another to be lady of Pommeroy."

He seized her savagely by the arms.

"You cannot beat me," she said. "The chivalrous lords of Pommeroy do not beat women."

"You will tempt me to it, if you thus drive me to desperation," returned the lord. "Hold your peace."

"When I have said what I wish to say. At present, until these people have come and gone, there shall be an appearance of amity between us; after that, I shall consider what to do; probably go home to my mother. But while these gossiping crowds are here, let us play a part; all smiling civility before them; strangers when not."

"You pretty little schemer," he laughed.

"The lords of Pommeroy don't resign their wives thus easily, although you seem so willing to resign your lady."

She looked up with a startled glance.

"I should take my baby with me."

"Oh, dear no," replied the lord of Pommeroy. "If you leave my home upon a whim, you do not take my child."

"The law would give it me."

"Alice, it would not."

And the lord was right.

"Do you know," she whispered, struggling to maintain her calm tone, "that I have brought you with a double hatred? You have hated me upon me forever. I feel as a caged bird, barred in from love and from life; barred by you. I hated you, Guy, before we married. I hate you far worse now."

"You are bold, my lady."

"But for my own good name, and that the child may grow up to call me mother, I would have quitted your roof this night with Rupert. There was a demon tempting me—had it been only to take my revenge on you."

"If you do not cease, I will have you chained up as a mad woman," foamed Guy.

"I have nearly said my say. To-morrow, before my guests, you will find me all smiles and polite speeches again. My things are being removed to the small room in the north wing, and that will be mine as long as I remain."

He leaned towards her, hissing, rather than speaking.

"If you attempt to leave your own apartments, I will bar you up in them—and come and attend you as your keeper. You are mad, Alice."

"You won me by a lie," she returned, greatly agitated; "and now that I know it, I am not bound to obey you. If a thief should steal a sovereign, though he may get it into his possession, it is not legally or morally his. Did you forget the prediction?—the woe it threatens?"

The lord lifted scornfully his deformed lip.

"Prediction? Threatened woe? Tush!—unless you choose to mar the peace of the house and bring it. You will order your things back again, Alice; I must keep an eye over you."

"I will not," she steadily answered. "If you attempt to force me to it, I will go this night to my mother. Pretty scandal for the lord of Pommeroy, when the guests shall arrive to-morrow and find his lady down."

Alice called him right—the lord of Pommeroy was both lord and master. She went up-stairs to the room that had been hers, and Guy followed and closed the door. Bridget, who was near, was startled by the sounds that came from the room; recriminating words from both, though she could not hear their purport, which rose into shrieks of rage from the lord, awful to listen to, and sobs and wails from his mistress. Sudden silence superseded. Bridget was terrified, and she went to the door with an excuse, and knocked at it.

It was opened instantly by the lord; he appeared to have been standing at it, and his mistress sat near the table. Bridget could not see her face distinctly, for the room was only lighted by the large lamp which hung outside in the court-yard.

"Did you call me, madam?" she hastened to say. "I thought you might want the baby, but she's asleep now."

"No one called," replied the lord of Pommeroy. "Bridget."

"Sir."

"Some orders of your mistress's have been misapprehended—her things have been carried to the small room in the north corridor. Bring them back."

The things were carried back. Mrs. Pommeroy did not gain say it; and the servants whispered—Oppose the iron will of Guy Pommeroy? his wife need not have thought it.

When rest and silence fell upon the abbey, there appeared to be rest and silence in the lady's chamber, but had one been curious enough to listen, they might have heard the monotonous step of the lord, pacing it through the better part of the night.

## VIII.

It is an act of madness to pour spirits on a raging fire; little less so to control by angry force the fierce will of an indignant woman.—Mrs. Pommeroy had not a well-regulated mind as had been previously observed, and in the sad storm of outraged feeling, of love for Ru-

pert, and of anger towards Guy, the steps taken by her husband were not judicious ones. Far better that he had let her indignation spend itself for a short while, a few days, and then have tried conciliation. It might have answered—after a little holding out; for a woman, look you, talk as she may, will think twice before she actually goes the length of quitting her husband's home.

A fortnight, the space of time mentioned as the stay of the abbey's guests, was drawing to a close. Who so gay as Mrs. Pommeroy? who so calm and equable as the lord? Yes, she was always gay in appearance—but within? Within raged anger, passion, and self-accusation; for she had suffered herself to fall into the habit of meeting Rupert Pommeroy; and the habit, considering his reckless character, and the temper she was at present indulging, was not altogether a safe one.

The lord entertained his guests right regally, as a Pommeroy loved to do. Excursions of pleasure abroad, evening feasting and festivities at home, occasionally varied with men's out-of-door field sports. It was on one of these latter occasions, when he and the other gentlemen were absent from the abbey, that Mrs. Pommeroy walked out of it unaccompanied.

She was in no mood for society, and leaving her visitors to occupy themselves as they best might, she stole forth alone. Not with the intention of meeting Rupert Pommeroy; certainly not; for this was before she allowed herself to meet him, and, for aught she knew, Rupert might have left the place. But, close to the keep, on the very spot where she had encountered him before, there she came upon him. It was only two days subsequent to the scene at the abbey between herself and her husband, and Mrs. Pommeroy, most imprudently and inexcusably, gave Rupert the full version of it. Whilst they were in close conversation, pacing round and round the keep, they lifted their heads and saw a party of sportsmen at a great distance.

"Oh, Rupert, Guy is with them!" she suddenly exclaimed. "It will make his rage worse to see me talking to you."

Without a word, Rupert touched one of her hands and drew her to a small low door in the wall at the back of the building; it flew open, and admitted them to the inside.

"You are safe here until they have passed," he whispered.

"But how did you get the door open?" she wondered. "I always understood that could not be opened from the outside."

"Neither can it be, except by me and the lord. Yes; Jerome knows the secret; I forgot him. There is an invisible spring."

"The lord!" she uttered, in breathless agitation. "Suppose he should take it in his head to enter now?"

Rupert smiled, and drew a strong iron bar across the door and secured it. "Not a dozen lords combined could enter now."

"Suppose he were to come in by the front door?" fear suggested again.

"My dear Alice, what should bring him with the key of the keep? I don't suppose it has been taken from Jerome's key-closet for years."

But Mrs. Pommeroy held her breath and trembled; conscience and fear were making a coward of her. And serve her right; she had no business to conceal herself. That was the first false step.

She looked another within the next five minutes. She and Rupert stood, straining their ears to listen for the voices and footsteps of the sportsmen, but the walls were thick, for the door had admitted them to a room inside the keep, not to any court or yard without it.

"They must have passed by this time," said Rupert, at length; "I will go up and see. Would you like to look over the old keep, Alice?"

"Oh dear no," she hastily replied. "I am only anxious to get out of it; I tremble lest any untoward miracle should bring Guy in."

Rupert laughed; and ascending some stairs made his way to the front of the building, and peeped out at one of the quaint loopholes of windows. "They are right down in the dell, half way to the abbey, Alice," he said, returning. "All is safe."



to speak in a laughing, insincere sort of way, years and years afterwards she remembered it. "How very imprudent!" If Jerome had missed them to-day, the whole abbey might have been roused."

"No fear," laughed Rupert again. "Jerome would not miss them."

"Rupert!" she suddenly exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her. "Jerome has asked you to come here!"

"No he has not. Not a soul has asked me, save Father Andrew, in the loan of the captain; little guessing he that it was to steal a visit to the lady of Pommeroy. Jerome has asked me in another way, though; you do not ask about the keep."

"I have been putting it off. It frightens me."

"We have had a spy upon us, Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the lord has foxed out anything with his own scent, or whether he has been put up to it, I can't say; I think the latter, for if he had watched you to the keep, he would most certainly have pounced upon you. Yesterday old Jerome made his appearance at Gaunt's; to see me."

"Mr. Rupert," began he, in a whisper, though there was not a soul in the place, for Gaunt was in the grounds, and his housekeeper in the village, "do you go in at all to the keep?"

"Why?" said I. "But do you, sir?" "I have been in there once or twice, Jerome. Why?"

"Ah, I was sure of it! I wish you'd be away from the village, sir; for ever since that quarrel, the other night, between you and the lord, I have had a feeling upon me that worse would come. This morning the lord came to me: 'To whom have you entrusted the key of the keep?' he asked; but I saw by his eye something was wrong. 'It has not gone out of my hands since the old lord died,' I answered."

"You lie, Jerome," he cried; "you have lent it to Rupert Pommeroy." We had gone on to the key-closet, Mr. Rupert, added Jerome, "but in my hurry I looked in the wrong niche for the key, and I did not see it. The lord stood by with folded arms. 'I thought you were faithful,' he said; and it made my old eyes water, for faithful I am, and have ever been to the lords of Pommeroy—and not less so to you, Mr. Rupert, for you are a brother and a son. The lord saw my distress. 'Some one was in there yesterday, Jerome,' he said, in a kinder tone; 'I tried the spring of the private door, and could not get in.' 'Here's the key, lord of Pommeroy,' I said, showing it to him; 'in my haste I looked in the wrong place; I have not given it to Mr. Rupert.'"

Mrs. Pommeroy had grasped Rupert's arm in terror at the recital, in terror of what might have come of it, had the door not been fastened. The worst the lord would have seen would have been Rupert lodged on his high shelf, and Mrs. Pommeroy awaying herself on the stool, abusing him confidentially; quite enough to excite to madness the lord of Pommeroy. Rupert reassured her present fears; had they not escaped the danger?

"Jerome added that the lord took possession of the key, and he, fearing there might be quarrelling, or something worse, if the lord found me in the keep, came to warn me not to go to it again. Jerome little thinks who else might have been found with Mr. Rupert. So I knew that the keep, as far as you went, was done for, Alice, and I wrote a word and was coming to the abbey when I met Mr. Bridget. I was determined to see you for a farewell, and could think of no safe place but this."

"Do you really go to-morrow?"

"I go to-morrow. I should have gone to-day had you come last night."

She was weeping silently. Rupert Pommeroy was very dear to her, and she was about to lose sight of him, perhaps forever; but she, as silently, wiped away the tears, so that he should not see them.

There is an expressive Italian proverb—I forget precisely how it runs, but the sense is that for the debtor and the stolen interview time flies on wings. On wings, most certainly, it appeared to fly for those in the haunted room. Mrs. Pommeroy may have been unconscious of its fitting—let her answer it; but when the court-yard clock rang out ten, she was still there.

With a faint cry of dismay she moved to the window. Was it ten or nine? She strained her eyes on the clock, but, strain them as she would, she could not make out its hands, for the dial was too far off. Rupert followed her, though little cared he what the hour might be.

As she turned from the window, her sight, accustomed now to the faint light of the room, distinguished a tall dark figure standing up, right against the picture. Fascinated and terror-stricken, not with ghostly terror, but with a terror far more ominous and real—for too well did she discern the outlines of that form—she caught hold of her companion, shrieking out in her agony of shame,

"Oh, Rupert! Rupert!"

The lord of Pommeroy strode forward, his eye glaring, and his white features awfully livid in the moonlight. How long had he been there?

Harling his wife out of reach of harm, spinning her with his foot, he drew a double-barrelled pistol upon his brother. The ball missed him, entering the dark wainscoting; and yet the lord of Pommeroy had a sure hand in general. Ere he could fire again, Rupert closed with him, and they grappled for the weapon. Mrs. Pommeroy heard the deadly scuffle, as she sped, gasping and moaning, from the chamber, through the rooms to the top of the stairs. In her haste and terror she fell down them, her head striking, but not violently, against the door; she thought she heard the noise of the second barrel, but was not sure.

Up again in a moment. She seized the key which Rupert had left in the door, but whether she turned it, or whether it was previously unlocked, she never knew. Probably the lord had left it unlocked; though how had he contrived to enter himself, with the door fastened on the inside, and the key in it? It was a mystery.

A door, opening into the piazza at the side of the court, was ajar, and Mrs. Pommeroy flew out at it, sank down on the green bench, clasped its arm tightly, and hid her face on it.

—like we clasp the nearest support, as if for protection, on awaking from a terrible dream. She moaned under her breath; not aloud, lest the house should hear; she stifled her sobs of remorse and agony; and then she cast stealthy glances up to the window of the haunted room.

Trembling, meaning, cowering; feeling that to do would be a mercy; Mrs. Pommeroy sat there till the clock went the quarter past ten. She had drawn to the door behind her, but not latched it, for her ear was on the stretch—to listen for her husband's footsteps, descending; at their first distant echo, she would have crept, like a worm, underneath the bench, in her guilty shame. If he saw her there, would he come out and kick her to death?

"Can't I go into the lady's room yet?" she heard one of the servants say, who appeared to meet another in the passage. "Getting on for eleven, and it's not put to rights yet, for the night."

"No," replied the voice of her own maid—"The lady said she should try and sleep her headache off, and I was not to go to her room, on any account, unless she rang. The door's fast."

Mrs. Pommeroy shuddered, and held the bench convulsively.

The minutes rolled by, almost killing her with their slow protraction, and the clock chimed the half-hour. In that one half-hour, she seemed to have lived the agony of a whole lifetime. Neither of them had come down; of that she was certain, for her ears were strung to a strange fineness then. She gazed up at the window, an unbroken gaze now. What was taking place there? Were those two men, met in height and strength, perhaps in ferocity, struggling with each other, until one or the other should be overcome to death?—Which would conquer? But bear it she must, and did, till the clock struck eleven. A whole hour, and neither had come down! Were both dead? Her heart and throat were working, her ears ringing.

She could not bear it. Slow and cautiously, a step at a time, she stole into the corridor again, to the staircase door, and put her head up and listened. There was not the slightest sound. Up still, a stair at a time, and now another, and again she stopped to listen. Nothing—nothing. And so on, through the rooms, to the last chamber. She paused at the door of the haunted one; little thought she of supernatural visitants now, the bodily ones were filling every crevice of her imagination. The door was not closed, only pushed to, and the same silence reigned within—a silence that was every moment becoming more awful. She would have given half her life to hear one of Guy's oaths or Rupert's sarcasms. Dead—were they—and for her?

She pushed the door open, and then shrank back and drew up against the wall, lest the movement should have caused alarm; but neither alarm nor anything else issued forth; so, pulling back the drapery, she stepped up the steps and pushed her head in. She had come out of the light yard, and her eyes could see, as yet, nothing in the room but darkness; and the moon, at that moment, was under a cloud; still there was no movement, no sound, and she went into the room. She was stealing towards the window, a vague intuition of standing there until she should become more accustomed to the darkness, floating through her scarcely sane brain, when she fell over something, and her hand touched—either a hand or a face; and it was cold.

Her nerves could bear no more; this was the climax. Uttering shriek upon shriek, and tearing along, as if the dead men were coming behind her, down she flew again, all the terror of superstition. The noise penetrated to the abbey; the servants came forth, bearing lights; the guests emerged, alarmed, from the saloons—all to meet Mrs. Pommeroy in the passage, her face white, her eyes starting; the servants caught her, and she lay, convulsed, in their arms.

They crowded round her; she was in a violent fit of emotion and fear, attended with hysterical shrieks. Speak she could not, but she shudderingly pointed, now to the stairs of the north tower, now to the windows of the haunted room in the west one. What she could mean by indicating the north tower, nobody could understand; for, that it should be open, was suspected by none; but the other movement was more readily understood, and the servants called out simultaneously,

"She has seen the ghost!"

"Go, go," she gave utterance to, at length, "there," pointing to the haunted room.

"Some one is lying dead."

That her words should be looked upon as the ravings of a haunted brain was natural, nevertheless old Jerome crept away to his key-closet; and then to the north tower. Had he discovered that his keys were missing? He came back from the staircase with a face as apprehensive as his lady's.

"Who will go with me?" he said, looking at the gentlemen and the men-servants. "If they are at warfare, one man will be powerless to part them."

All were ready to go; none comprehending what they were to go for, or what there was to do; and they went in a body up the stairs, bearing several lights. One of the gentlemen seized Jerome's arm:

"What do you suspect?" he asked.

"I suspect—I suspect there may be a dispute," he slowly said.

"Between whom?"

"Nay, but I know nothing. Don't detain me." Jerome, as he spoke, took a light from the hands of one of the servants, walked quickly forward, and turned round at the door of the haunted room.

"I must go in first alone," said he, "I am the oldest retainer in the family, in the confidence of the lords of Pommeroy, and I demand it."

He passed in, and let fall the hangings, but in less than a minute he held them up.

"Walk in now; oh, woe! woe!" Holding their breaths, the crowd pressed in, one upon another. Woe, woe! as Jerome had said; for there lay the lord of Pommeroy, beaten to death.

So, Rupert had mastered! had obtained possession of the pistol, and shot his unfortunate brother!

brother—for the bullet was subsequently found in the head. And, either by some chance blow, or purposely, the face had been so bruised, swollen and disfigured, that scarcely a trace of the features could be discerned.

It must be remembered that those, now gazing on him, had no clue to the murderer; Jerome deniable suspected, but he kept silence. Horror-stricken and sick, when they had gained their fill, they began to look about the room for a solution of the mystery: Who had done it?—and how? Nothing was to be seen save the ordinary and dilapidated furniture, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as by a scuffle.

"What's this?" exclaimed one of the guests, snatching up a dark gray cloak and exhibiting it to their view. "This was not the lord's. Ah, ha! this will lead to a discovery."

"I know that," interrupted a servant. "It is Father Andrew's capuchin; he comes in to the abbey sometimes on a winter's night."

"Father Andrew!" echoed the shocked and scandalized assemblage.

"I could swear to it," doggedly repeated the speaker; "I know it by those two rents at the tail of the skirt. The father got it caught in a gate one windy evening, he said."

## POLITIES IN FOOD.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In the last generation, a family of five brothers and sisters were left, by the death of their widowed mother, to choose their way of life for themselves, at ages varying from fifteen to two-and-twenty. They made a wise choice, which was acquiesced in by the guardians of the younger ones. They had no marked disease,—any one of them; but they were of a sturmount constitution, their physicians admitted,—not scrupulous, but tending towards it. They resolved to devote five years to the establishment of their health, which they considered would be a good economy of time, if those years could give vigor to all that followed. There was no difficulty about money; so they took an airy country-house on a gravelly soil; bought horses for the five and two grooms, and devised a side-saddle for the girls, which would enable the rider to take either side of the horse at pleasure,—a point of some importance for girls still growing, who were to spend so much time on horseback. They were in the open air whenever the weather would possibly admit of it, varying their exercises in every imaginable way. They lived on generous diet,—beef and mutton in plenty, and good ale or porter, and, by the medical advice of the day, port wine. At the end of the five years, they were as fine a set of young people as could be seen, without a trace of disease or weakness, sound in body and mind.

Another family in a lower rank of life lost their father when they were about the same age. They had had warning; for a brother had died of some form of scrofula, and their father, who had been far from temperate, died consumptive; but they had no idea of health being a matter of choice or duty in any way. They expected "Providence" to settle all that for them; and the consequence was, that the old mother saw one after another drop from her side, after long periods of disease. It is not necessary to dwell on the particulars. Unhappily, we have all witnessed the fate of scrofulous families, where ignorance and mismanagement aggravated the misery to the utmost. It is enough to say that the young men exposed themselves to heat and draughts without any precautions; that they never entered their heads to unload their skins (beyond their face and hands) of the salts accumulated on the skins of working-men from day to day; and that their meals were like those of their neighbors—hot cakes, swimming in butter, for breakfast and tea; and at dinner and supper the everlasting favorite,—the "pasty," no game pie, nor anything like it; but two thick, greasy slabs of paste, with fruit clapped in between them; or, if fruit could not be had, fresh or preserved treacle in its place. There are districts in England where whole families of working-men and apprentices are seen daily dining on such an abominable mess as this, and rarely touching or desiring meat. It is in just such neighborhoods that there are superstitions against washing. An infant's arms must not be washed before six months, or it would turn out a thief, and the parents "would not like that;" and the parents themselves are scandalized at the very mention of such rashness as washing the feet. If the doctor advises a patient to put her feet in hot water for a cold, he is told that she has not let water touch her feet for thirty years, and never will; and that she once had a daughter who ought to have been living now, but she was once advised to put her feet in hot water, and she died; not in the same year, it is true; but who can tell whether she might not have been living now if she had done like her mother? Living in a state of society like this, and knowing nothing of the art of health, the predisposed family dropped and died, or are lingering on in conspicuous disease.

These are indications worth attending to, while the Registrar-General's Report tells us that twenty in a hundred of the tables in England, in 1857, were from "constitutional disease," by far the largest proportion being from some form of scrofulous affection, and especially consumption. No less than 58,320 persons died of consumption in England in 1857. But double the number died of diseases for which want of cleanliness and good diet are mainly answerable. As to personal cleanliness, we will only say one thing;—that for very few persons seem to be aware, even after all that the Combes have written, what the precise consequences are of the skin not being thoroughly washed and rubbed every day. It is not enough to say or suppose that people feel refreshed and invigorated by bathing; for mere bathing,—a mere plunge into the Serpentine, or the sea, or any other bath,—does not answer the purpose of thorough ablution. We ought to know the process by which disease follows a loaded skin. It is simply that the skin ought to carry off several pounds a day of the waste of the body; and if it is so choked as to be unable to do this, the work is thrown upon the internal organs, which have quite enough work of their own to do. Hence come internal inflammations, disorders, and decay. The introduction of steam ought to have lessened mortality from this cause more than it has; but the perception of this advantage of the steam-engine is spreading. Many years ago, some mill owners and mining proprietors gave the benefit of the warm water of their engines to their work people, by carrying it into a range of washing sheds and baths. In Cornwall it seems to be a regular practice for the miners to wash in this way on leaving their work every afternoon. Let us hope that it is a more thorough washing than is described in the Reports of the Inspector of Mines in certain coal districts, where the men, daily shaven and proper in appearance on Sundays, are wearing their clean shirts over skins ingrained with six months' coal-dust. Inflammatory and choleric diseases make prodigious havoc among an unwashed population.

Taking society all round, however, it appears that more young people are killed by mistakes about food than about anything else except air. The mistakes about food are so various, so opposite, that, while we are ashamed of our ignorance, we may hope for a great saving of life when we grow wiser. "Doctor,"

said an American clergyman to the family physician who was attending the mother, "do look at that girl's tongue." "Oh, father, I am very well," said the young lady; "as well as I always am." But the doctor looked at the tongue, and observed that it was just as white as every young person's tongue he looked at. "They are all alike," said he. "Why? Why people must have more or less fever while they eat as young people eat here; and without proper exercise too." He criticized the American diet; which it is not our business to do while we have so much to correct in our own. The young people in both countries suffer and die in much the same way; the Americans more and the English less; but both very unnecessarily. The mistake is the same, whether the diet be the same or different.

The mortality detailed by Dr. Parr, relates, we must remember, to all classes. When we read of errors in diet, we usually think of the tables of the rich, as we imagine them, and suppose that luxurious people are over-fed. In the first place, this appears to be a mistake, by the testimony of physicians; and in the next, if it were true we need not dwell upon it, because the rich and luxurious must always be the smallest class of the English or any other people. It is enough to say that wise modern physicians have been heard to declare that English ladies are not, generally speaking, sufficiently well fed. They take enough in bulk, perhaps, but not nutritious and reparative food. They would be more robust and less nervous if they lived rather more as ladies did in Queen Elizabeth's time, consuming more beef and mutton and (if earned by strong exercise, not otherwise) good ale. As for the late dinners which we are all so shocked at, they had better be called suppers. If the gentlemen do not take a substantial luncheon in the middle of the day, they ought; and the ladies do. They in fact dine with the children at one or two o'clock. The leg of mutton or cold beef then is their real dinner. They have tea at five or six, with or without the children; and then, if they choose to call the eight o'clock meal dinner they can; but it in fact answers to the supper of old days. A few spoonfuls of soup, a wing of fowl or game, a plate of jelly or cream, and ice and fruit afterwards, may be all very pretty, but it bears no comparison as a dinner to the mutton and pudding at two o'clock. Many gentlemen do make their real dinner at the nominal time; and hence the great amount of disease among professional men and the rich merchant class in London. Now it is the stomach that gives way, and now it is the nerves. Paralysis knocks down one, choleraic disease carries off another, and dyspepsia makes life a long misery to a third; and who can wonder, when that class of gentlemen breakfast early (if men of business in any way), and work their brains all day, without another proper meal, or perhaps any food at all, for twelve hours? The expenditure of alimentary material may be great in the kitchens of the rich—as in the making of the famous white soup in the Queen's kitchen—but the higher classes are not in this country over-fed.

The next class is nearer to reason in its ostensible practice than perhaps any other in the country. Three meals a day, with a small interlude, and at nearly reasonable times, seem to promise well; and if one sort of citizen is better nourished than another, it is probably the ordinary man of business in town and country, who likes his joint and pudding at dinner, and the loaf of good home-made bread, with country butter and eggs at breakfast and tea. Yet there are drawbacks here. The wife is not complacent about her table, and her daughters do not eat as girls should; and her sons at times look critical. The fault here is, not in the theory, not in the hours, not in the tradesmen who supply the house, but in the cookery. Without incurring the reproach of grumbling at one's own age of the world, or saying that "the former times were better than these," one may state the plain fact, that the custom of our country used to be for the housewives of all ranks to be responsible for the tables at home, and to claim that responsibility as a matter of right—as a point of honor as well as of duty. To declare this is to say that the case is otherwise now.

A new saying has recently obtained a wide circulation—"That you should discharge your cook for no offence short of murder." Send her away, and you will never have another; for two real cooks in a lifetime are more than any one has a right to expect. Why are there so few cooks? Simply because the demand for them has declined. So it is, in the very face of the new saying. Cooks are wanted more than ever; but not good ones, because housewives do not know how to set about requiring high qualities in a cook, and are accustomed to put up with what they can get, or to hire on blind speculation. Middle-class housewives in England cannot cook, generally speaking; and, moreover, they do not know what to require, what to order, and how far to superintend. Their mothers did not teach them, we have no schools for the homely domestic arts, and how should they know any more of housewifery than of law, physics, or divinity? If the truth were known, this is one of the depressing influences which bear down the spirit and health of the maidhood of England. Thousands of girls are painfully conscious of ignorance which is, and ought to be, regarded as a disgrace; and, when intending to marry, a heavy weight of care sits at the heart from the sense of the chances against their being able to make their husbands' homes comfortable, and the scene of complacency that the home of every good wife should be. After marriage it is worse. If the deficiency is repaired, it is through severe humiliation on the one part, and great forbearance on the other; and the cases are few in which it can be thoroughly repaired.

What is to be done for cooking does not come by nature, nor even ordering a table by observation. The art must be learned, like other arts, by proper instruction. We want, and we must have, schools of domestic management now that every home is not such a school. Mothers can, at least, teach their daughters to know one sort of meat from another, and one joint from another, and, in a rougher or more thorough way, what to order in the every-day way and for guests. Thus the men, then, every girl should know, from childhood upwards, a little practice of obser-

vation in the markets would soon teach a willing learner to distinguish prime articles from inferior kinds, and to know what fish, fowl, and fruits are in season every month in the year. We have seen ladies buying peaches under the sweltering summer sun, and importing for green in January and July, and taking up with skinny rabbits in May, and letting the season of mackerel, herring, salmon, and all manner of fish pass over unused.

Everybody is glad to hear of the introduction of cookery into industrial schools, how and there. But much more than this is wanted; and there can be little doubt that if well-qualified cooks would open schools in London and all our large towns for the instruction of better and housekeepers, they would meet with singular success. It is probably true that almost every little girl is fond of the household arts, and delights in cooking, especially; and it is certainly true that a multitude of young ladies, married and single, would give all they are worth to be as much at home at the head of their households as their grandmothers were. Till this new-old branch of female education is placed within reach of the whole sex, there will be sickness and mortality, as well as waste of the national resources, from the whole of society being at the mercy of its cooks—not a tenth part of whom are worthy of the honorable name.

How is it in that class in which every wife is the household cook, or at least the directress of the kitchen? How do the affairs of the table prosper in that substantial class which includes our farmers, country shopkeepers, and superior artisans? We are sorry to say—but physicians and tradesmen will testify to the fact—that the mortality of the country is increased by the habit of over-eating which exists in thousands of households of this order. Not in all; and great honor is due to those who adopt a sensible diet, because it is apt to be stigmatized as meanness; but, as a general fact, the habit of over-eating destroys health and life to a grievous amount in that order of citizens in which a gross table is regarded as a liberal and kindly mode of living. As to the true old English farm-house, there is no better picture of its habits as to meals and hospitality than one given by Mr. Howitt, in (if we remember right) his "Rural Life in England." The quantity on the table at one time, the perpetual arrivals of more, the constant succession of guests all day, and the urgent persuasions to guests to eat, and reproaches for not eating enough, are just like the experience of townspeople who some time in their lives were suddenly introduced into rural society. The ordinary mode of life on a Yorkshire grazing farm is abundantly surprising to persons who have doubted about taking luncheon while eating three meals a day. Mistresses and maids are stirring early to make the porridge for the household, breakfast being at seven. The vast bowls of porridge and quarts of milk being dispatched, there is barely time for the chamber-work before lunch has to be sent out to the fields—huge baskets of bread, oatcake and cheese, with bottles of beer. This is from half-past nine to ten. At twelve dinner smokes on the long board—great pieces of pork, beef, or mutton, or all three; or vast pies and puddings, and cheese, and rice-milk, and ale; and the board is pretty well cleared in half an hour. At three the baskets go again into the field with the afternoon lunch—bread, cheese, and beer as before. At five all assemble for tea, which is porridge and milk, as at breakfast. At eight, there is supper—cold meat, hot potatoes, oatcake, and cheese. By that time the women have done cooking for the day, and, the board being cleared, they sit down to mend stockings, the farmer reads the newspaper at his own round table, with his own candle, and the men nudge each other to keep awake, or nod forwards, or join to prick or pinch or punch any particularly sleepy sinner, till nine o'clock strikes, and they sink off to bed. However strong the exercise taken by such a household, it is still subject to fever, liver complaints, diarrhoea, and rheumatism, besides that torpidity of brain which is in itself a preparation for disease. The strongest and most active brains resist disease the best and the longest. Not the overworked brains, be it observed, but the most generally exercised, which keep up the highest vitality over the widest range of human powers. One does not look for this kind of brain among clowns who eat five or six meals a day, and know and care nothing about the world outside the farm fences.

But the small shopkeepers in towns are a very different class, from whom a higher intelligence might be expected, yet they are apt to eat twice as much as is good for them. Observe the master or mistress of the household at market. What a quantity of prime fish is bought! What ducks, geese, and turkeys, besides joints, and odds and ends of dainties! What peas and asparagus and sea-caul! What vastcheeses, and cream cheeses, and curds, and gallons of fruit, and mounds of butter! But, to come to particulars, here is an illustration.

A friend of ours—a surgeon's wife—was informed one day about noon that a patient desired to see her in the waiting room. She answered this odd request by going there, when she found two persons in great alarm, and distressed that the surgeon was not expected home for two hours. The wife of a small shopkeeper was ill, and a friend had come with her, in hope of obtaining immediate relief. They could not explain what was the matter, but would be glad of any advice. The poor woman said she felt so miserable she did not know what to do, and her throat was quite unlike in shape to its usual state, and she could scarcely breathe and had such an oppression, &c. The lady saw immediately that it was a case of violent indigestion. She said that it was not her practice to prescribe for her husband's patients, but she could recommend a simple medicine for relieving the immediate oppression, which would pass the time till medical advice could be had. What she heard of the eating of that day and the preceding astonished her; but in the evening her husband said she had not told him nearly all that had gone down the woman's throat, which was, as nearly as we can remember, this—perhaps more, certainly not less.

There was a large fine salmon in the case—a present. A friend came to pass the day, and the salmon was cooked for dinner, superseding a bullock's heart stuffed with onions. There

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## A TALK OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A SHIP.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE GATE MADE.

While Sydney Carton and the Sheep of the prison were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman's manner of receiving the look, did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger-nails with a very questionable closeness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry's eye caught him, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. "Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

"What have you been besides a messenger?"

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultural character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be imposed upon."

"I hope, sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, "that a gentleman like yourself will have the honor of old Jobbing till I'm gray at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it was so—I don't say it, but even if it was. And which it is to be looked into account that if it was, it wouldn't, even then, be all of one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don't pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarters—a banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a cooking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, a going in and going out to their own carriages—ah! equally like smoke, if not more so. Well, that 'nd be imposing, too, on Tellson's. For you cannot sars the goose and not the gander. And here's Mrs. Cruncher, or leastways was in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, if cause given, a floppin' agen the business to that degree as is ruinatin'—stark ruinatin'! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop—catch 'em at it! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favor of more patients, and how can you rightly have one without the 'other? Then, wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all avaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it was so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it was so, which I don't say it is—"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I will not, sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, "as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice—'" which I don't say it is—'" wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this: that there boy of mine, brought up and grewed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general light job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it was so, which I still don't say it is (for I will not prevaricate to you, sir), let that there boy keep his father's place and take care of his mother—don't blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, sir—and let that father go into the line of the regular diggin', and make amends for what he would have undig—if it was so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with convictions respectin' the future keepin' of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see all this here a goin' on dreadful round him, in the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough fur to bring the price down to portage and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And those here would be mine, if it was so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry.

"Say no more now, if it may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room.

"Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done.

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have insured access to him, once."

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose too much, would be to put this man's head under the axe, and as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry. "If it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep, and sit by, careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more, if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words, with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," he said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. A light, or a shade (the old gentleman could not have said which), passed over it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill-side on a wild, bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs, which was tumbling forward. He wore the white riding-coat and top-boots, then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long, brown hair, all untrussed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his foot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log, when it had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features, and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that expression.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my leave to pass. I was ready to go."

They were both silent.

"Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir," said Carton, wistfully.

"I am in my seventy-eighth year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to?"

"I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty."

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't she weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes, thank God! I didn't quite mean what I said."

"It is a thing to thank God for, is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have repented to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by,' your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses; would they not?"

"You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they would be."

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and, after a silence of a few moments, said,

"I should like to ask you: Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee, seem days of very long ago?"

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered,

"Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old!) and by many associations of the days when what we call the world was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

"I understand the feeling!" exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. "And you are the better for it?"

"I hope so."

Carton terminated the conversation here, by rising to help him on with his outer coat.

"But you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, "you are young."

"Yes," said Carton; "I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me."

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

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"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should peep about the streets a long time, don't be uneasy; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the court to-morrow?"

"Yes, unhappily."

"I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, sir."

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day.

"She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

It was ten o'clock at night, when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had stood hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe at his shop-door.

"Good night, citizen," said Sydney Carton, pausing in going by; for, the man eyed him inquisitively.

"Good night, citizen."

"How goes the Republic?"

"You mean the guillotine. Not ill. Sixty-three to-day. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain sometimes, of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! He is so droll, that Samson. Such a barber!"

"Do you often go to see him?"

"Shave? Always. Every day. What a barber! You have seen him at work?"

"Never."

"Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen: he shaved the sixty-three to-day, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of honor!"

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking, to explain how he timed the executioner, Carton was so sensible of a rising desire to strike the life out of him, that he turned away.

"But you are not English," said the wood-sawyer, "though you wear English dress?"

"Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and answering over his shoulder.

"You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here."

"Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good-night, Englishman."

"Good night, citizen."

"But go and see that droll dog," the little man persisted, calling after him. "And take a pipe with you!"

Sydney had not gone far out of sight, when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleaned in those times of terror—he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen, too, good-night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him.

"Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said,

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop.

"There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

It was not a reckless manner, the manner in which he said those words under the fast-falling clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him. "I am the resurrection and the life," said the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-morrow's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revulsion had even travelled that length of self-destruction from years of priestly impostors, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the bounding gables; and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material, that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the guillotine, with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury: Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets.

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and gen-

tility hid its head in red nightcaps, and put on heavy shoes, and trudged. But, the theatres were all well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatre doors, there was a little girl with a mother, looking for a way across the street through the mud. He carried the child over, and before the timid arm was loose from his neck asked her for a kiss.

"I am the resurrection and the life," said the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

Now, that the streets were quiet, and the night was on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but, he heard them always.

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominion.

But, the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long, bright rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend, in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke, and was about again he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the sea—"Laks me!"

A trading boat, with a sail of the softened color of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep—whom many fell away from in dread—pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so encouraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look, on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Before that unjust Tribunal, there was little or no order of procedure, ensuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, forms, and ceremonies, had not first been so monstrously abused, that the suicidal vengeance of the Revolution was to scatter them all to the winds.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Kager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded jurymen, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs empanelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter, to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and glanced at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evremonte, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-arrested and re-taken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges, to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evremonte, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, President."

"By whom?"

"Three-voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vender of Saint Antoine."



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &amp;c., &amp;c., &amp;c.

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THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HISTORICAL HALLWELL," "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &amp;c., &amp;c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, and it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novels, stories, poems, essays, &amp;c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. JAMES. CHARLES DICKENS. ALFRED TENNYSON. CHARLES READE. H. W. LONGFELLOW. GRACE GREENWOOD. MISS PARDOE. FLORENCE PERCY. AMELIA B. EDWARDS. EMMA ALICE BROWN. ALEXANDER DUMAS. JOHN G. WHITTIER. OWEN MEREDITH. P. J. BAILEY. (Author of "Fanny.") H. T. HARRIS. MISS MARTINEAU.

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the variety and brilliancy of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to AN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &amp;c., &amp;c.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS &amp; PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Oct. 29, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA. SOUTH CAROLINA. 1 dis

NEW JERSEY. ALABAMA. 1 to 3 dis

DELAWARE. MISSISSIPPI. All bks uncertain

MARYLAND. LOUISIANA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. OHIO. 1 dis

NEW YORK. KENTUCKY. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MAINE. 1 dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE. INDIANA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. VERMONT. 2 dis

CONNECTICUT. MISSOURI. 1 dis

MASSACHUSETTS. MICHIGAN. 14 dis

SOLV bks. WISCONSIN. 2 dis

RHODE ISLAND. TEXAS. 2 dis

SOLV bks. VIRGINIA. Commercial and Agricultural bank, 10 dis

DIST. OF COLUMBIA. ILLINOIS. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NORTH CAROLINA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. GEORGIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. ARIZONA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. CALIFORNIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEVADA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. IDAHO. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MONTANA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. WYOMING. 1 dis

SOLV bks. UTAH. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEBRASKA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. KANSAS. 1 dis

SOLV bks. OKLAHOMA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. ARKANSAS. 1 dis

SOLV bks. LOUISIANA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MISSISSIPPI. 1 dis

SOLV bks. ALABAMA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. FLORIDA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. GEORGIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. SOUTH CAROLINA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NORTH CAROLINA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. VIRGINIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MARYLAND. 1 dis

SOLV bks. DELAWARE. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEW JERSEY. 1 dis

SOLV bks. PENNSYLVANIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEW YORK. 1 dis

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SOLV bks. NEW HAMPSHIRE. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MAINE. 1 dis

SOLV bks. KENTUCKY. 1 dis

SOLV bks. OHIO. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MISSISSIPPI. 1 dis

SOLV bks. ALABAMA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. FLORIDA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. GEORGIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. SOUTH CAROLINA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NORTH CAROLINA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. VIRGINIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MARYLAND. 1 dis

SOLV bks. DELAWARE. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEW JERSEY. 1 dis

SOLV bks. PENNSYLVANIA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEW YORK. 1 dis

SOLV bks. CONNECTICUT. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MASSACHUSETTS. 1 dis

SOLV bks. RHODE ISLAND. 1 dis

SOLV bks. VERMONT. 1 dis

SOLV bks. NEW HAMPSHIRE. 1 dis

SOLV bks. MAINE. 1 dis

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SOLV bks. FLORIDA. 1 dis

SOLV bks. GEORGIA. 1 dis

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The receipts continue very light, and holders of Flour have put up their prices \$1.12 1/2 per bushel, the close of last week, and 3000 bbls have found buyers, in small lots for shipment at from \$5 to \$5.25, mostly at \$5.12 1/2 for standard and good straight superfine holders generally taking the latter figures for straight lots; the trade have been buying rather more freely within the range of \$5.12 1/2 to \$5.25 for superfine, and \$5.00 to \$5.12 1/2 for extra, \$5.15 to \$5.25 for family, and \$4.50 to \$5.00 for bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, with further sales of about 250 bbls at \$4.25 per bushel. Of Corn Meal the market is steady at \$3.12 1/2 per bushel, all offered, some 300 bbls Pennsylvania Meal sold at \$4 per bushel.

GRAIN.—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light, and prices within a day or two have advanced 1/2 cent, the millers, however, are not disposed to operate to any extent at the improvement, and only about 25,000 bushels have been disposed of in lots at 125 to 130 for fair to prime red, and 135 to 140 for white, mostly in store. Rye continues in steady demand, and about 4000 bushels have been taken at 90 to 95 for Southern, and 95 to 100 for Pennsylvania, mostly at the latter rate for prime. Corn has met with a fair demand at fully former rates, and the sales reach about 30,000 bushels, chiefly Southern yellow, at 95 to 96 in store, and 95 to 96 at mill, including inferior lots at 92 to 93, white at 91 to 94, and new yellow at 70 to 80, as to condition. Oats have been unsold and dull, but the market closes firmer; sales foot up about 20,000 bushels at 41 to 42 for Southern, and 44 to 45 for Pennsylvania, the latter for extra heavy lots.

PROVISIONS.—The market for bbls meats is quiet, with reduced sales of all kinds to consumers, and only about 150 bbls Mess Pork sold at \$16 to \$16.25 per bbl, cash and time. No change in Beef, and the sales are limited at \$12 to \$13 per bbl, the latter for city Mess. Bacon is selling in a small way at 12 to 13 for plain and fancy Hams, 10 to 10 1/2 for Sides, and 8 to 8 1/2 for Shoulders, cash and short time; there is some little inquiry for the latter to South. Of salted meats the market is nearly bare, and about 1000 casks Shoulders sold at \$6 to \$6 1/2, mostly on time, and some Hams at 9 to 10. Lard is sold at 11 to 12 for plain and fancy Hams, 10 to 10 1/2 for Sides, and 8 to 8 1/2 for Shoulders, cash and short time; there is some little inquiry for the latter to South. Of salted meats the market is nearly bare, and about 1000 casks Shoulders sold at \$6 to \$6 1/2, mostly on time, and some Hams at 9 to 10. Lard is sold at 11 to 12 for plain and fancy Hams, 10 to 10 1/2 for Sides, and 8 to 8 1/2 for Shoulders, cash and short time; there is some little inquiry for the latter to South.

On Thursday morning, 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, John Harris, to Miss second daughter of Jacob K. Vaughan, Esq., both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, at St. James Church, by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, Edward A. Day, to Miss Laura C. Ouellet, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, John Harris, to Miss second daughter of Jacob K. Vaughan, Esq., both of this city.

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## THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

[This is the wedding poem that the father of the bride foolishly talked of challenging the author for—but thought better of it.]

Oh, Love! Love! Love! what times were those,  
Long ere the age of bulges and boats,  
And Brussels lace and other lace,  
When, in the green Ardenian close,  
You married Pippin under the tree,  
With only the grain for bedding,  
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,  
You followed Nature's sweet command—  
Nodding lovingly through the land—  
Nor signed for a Diamond-Wedding.

So have we read, in classic Ovid,  
How Hero watched for her beloved,  
Impassioned youth, Leander,  
She was the fairest of the fair,  
And swept him around with her golden hair,  
Whenever he landed cold and bare,  
With nothing to eat, and nothing to wear,  
And wetter than any gander!

For Love was Love, and better than money—  
The slyer the thief, the sweeter the honey—  
And kissing was clever, all the world over,  
Wherever Cupid might wander.

So thousands of years have come and gone,  
And still the moon is shining on,  
Still Hymen's torch is lighted,  
And hitherto, in this land of the West,  
Most couples in love have thought it best  
To follow the ancient way of the east,  
And quietly get united.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—  
Bought and sold, with silver and gold,  
Like a house, or a horse and carriage,  
Midnight talks,  
Moonlight walks,  
The glance of the eye and sweetheart-sigh,  
The shadowy hands with no one by,  
I do not wish to disparage.

But every kin  
Has a price for his bliss,  
In the modern code of marriage,  
And the compact sweet  
Is not complete  
Till the high contracting parties meet  
Before the altar of Mammon;  
And the bride must be led to a silver bower,  
Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower,  
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell  
How it befell,  
[Since Jenkins has told the story  
Over and over and over again,  
In a style I cannot hope to attain,  
And covered himself with glory.]  
How it befell, one Summer's day,  
The King of the Cubans strolled this way—  
King January's his name, they say—  
And fell in love with the Princess May,  
The reigning belle of Manhattan,  
Nor how he began to snarl and sneer,  
And drew as lovers who come to woo,  
Or as Max Marston and Juliet do,  
When they sit full-blown in the ladies' view,  
And flourish the wondrous baton.

He wasn't one of our Polish nobles,  
Whose presence their country somehow troubles,  
And so our cities receive them,  
Nor one of your make-believe Spanish grandees,  
Who ply our daughters with lies and candies,  
Until the poor girls believe them,  
No, he was no such charlatan—  
Full of gammon and bravado,  
Count de Hotoken Flash in the pan—  
But a regular rich Don Estaban  
Santa Cruz de la Manzanera,  
Senior Grandissimo Oriado.

He owned the rental of half Havana,  
And all Matanzas, and Santa Anna,  
Rich as he was, could hardly hold  
A candle to light the mines of gold,  
Our Cuban possessed, chock full of diggers,  
And broad plantations, that in round figures,  
Were stocked with at least five thousand niggers!

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may—  
The Senator swore to carry the day—  
To capture the beautiful Princess May,  
With his battery of treasure.  
Velvet and lace she should not lack  
Tiffany, Haughwout, Ball & Black,  
Gems and Stewart, his suit should back,  
And come and go at her pleasure.  
Jet and lava—silver and gold—  
Garnets—emeralds rare to behold—  
Diamonds—sapphires—wealth untold—  
All were hers, in have and to hold,  
Enough to fill a peck-measure!

He didn't bring all his forces on  
At once, but like a crafty old Don,  
Who many a heart had fought and won,  
Kept bidding a little higher.  
And every time he made his bid—  
And what she said, and all they did—  
Two written down  
For the good of the town,  
By Joana, of The Daily Flyer.

A coach and horses, you'd think, would buy  
For the Don an easy victory.  
But slowly our Princess yielded,  
A diamond necklace caught her eye.  
But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh,  
She knew the work of such maiden glances,  
And like young colts, that curvet and prance,  
She led the Don a dance of a dance.

In spite of the wealth he wielded,  
She stood each a fire of silk and lace,  
Jewels, and golden dressing-gown,  
And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls,  
That every one of her dainty curls  
Brought the price of a hundred common girls.  
Folks thought the law demanded  
But at last a wonderful diamond ring,  
A regular Koh-i-noor, did the thing,  
And, sighing with love, or something the same,  
[What's in a name?]  
The Princess May consented.

Ring! ring the bells, and bring  
All the people to see the thing!  
Let the guests and hungry and ragged poor  
Throng round the great Cathedral door,  
To wonder what all the hubbub's for.  
And sometimes stupidly wonder  
At so much sunshine and brightness which  
Fell from the church upon the rich,  
While the poor get all the thunder.

Ring! ring, merry bells, ring!  
Oh, fortunate few,  
With letters blue—  
Good for a seal and nearer view!

Fortunate few, whose I dare not name,  
Delicate?—Creme de la creme!  
We commemorated by the street facade  
And caught a glimpse of the cavalade.  
We saw the lady  
In her diamond-encrusted gown,  
With six jeweled maidens to guard her side—  
Six lustre maidens to facilitate  
She led the van of the caravan  
Close behind her, her mother  
[Dressed in gorgeous antique  
That told, as plainly as words could speak,  
She was more antique than the other],  
Leaned on the arm of Don Estaban  
Santa Cruz de la Manzanera,  
Senior Grandissimo Oriado;  
Happy mortal! fortunate man!  
And Marquis of El Dorado!

In they swept, all riches and grace,  
Risks and satins and Houston lace,  
In they swept from the dazzled sun,  
And soon in the church the deed was done.  
Three prelates stood on the chancel high—  
A knot, that gold and silver can buy,  
Gold and silver may yet untie,  
Unless it is tightly fastened;  
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,  
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle  
Is not to be pushed or hastened;  
So two Very Reverends graced the scene,  
And the tall Archbishop stood between,  
By prayer and fasting chastened  
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,  
But urgent matters kept him at home.  
Nodding these robed prelates thought  
Their words were the power that tied the knot,  
But another power that love-knot tied,  
And I saw the chain around the neck of the  
bride—

A glistening, priceless, marvelous chain,  
Colled with diamonds again and again,  
As befits a diamond wedding.  
Yet still 'twas a chain—I thought she knew it,  
And halfway longed for the will to undo it—  
By the secret tears she was shedding.

But isn't it odd, to think, whenever  
We all go through that terrible river,  
Whose sluggish tide alone can sever  
[The Archbishop says] the Church decree,  
And leaving the other alive as ever—  
As each wades through that ghastly stream,  
The satins that rustle and gems that gleam  
Will grow pale and heavy and sink away  
To the noisome river's bottom clay.  
Then the costly bride, and her maidens six,  
Will shiver upon the banks of the Styx,  
Quite as helpless as they were born—  
Naked, and, very forlorn.  
And the beautiful Empress over yonder,  
Whose crimline made the wide world wonder—  
And even ourselves and our dear little wives,  
Who callow wear each morn of their lives—  
In rage and hunger the living day,  
And all the groans of the caravan—  
Aye, even the great Don Estaban  
Santa Cruz de la Manzanera,  
Senior Grandissimo Oriado—  
That gold-encrusted, fortunate man—  
All will land in naked equality.  
The lord of a ribboned principality  
Will mourn the loss of his coronet;  
The Princess, too, must shift for herself,  
And lay her royalty on the shelf.  
Nothing to eat, and nothing to wear,  
Will certainly be the fashion there.  
Ten to one, and I'll go it alone,  
Though here on earth they labor and groan—  
Though here on earth they labor and groan—  
Will stand it best when we come to rest  
On the other side of Jordan.

—Daily Tribune.

## Wit and Humor.

REQUIRE OF BEHOLDERS.—Call when the family is out of town.  
Choose a dark night for your visit.  
Make as little noise as possible.  
Walk on tiptoe, as you keep moving from room to room, for fear of disturbing any one who might be asleep.  
Remove all articles of value that come in your way.  
Don't slam the doors.  
Before leaving, drink your host's health in his best health.

Shut the street-door carefully as you go out.  
As you are not expected to show your faces on such occasions, you may as well protect them from the cold by wearing pieces of black crepe over them.  
You needn't leave your card behind you, because if your host troubled himself in the least by attempting to return your call, you would only be putting him to a great deal of inconvenience, and besides you would not be able to treat him with the same hospitality. Moreover, such visits, paid, as they are, with such little ceremony, are never expected to be returned.

Should you, by any accident, meet with a policeman, do not behave meanly or discourteously to him, but invite him by all means to join your little festive party, unless he should prefer to keep watch for you by remaining outside.

NICK IDEA OF HONOR.—At an up-town whist party, last week, two of our money kings, Broadstreet and Wallstreet, were playing against each other. Broadstreet had just taken the odd trick; the "honors" were "easy."  
"That makes us four," said Broadstreet, marking that number of points for his side.  
"No; three," said Wallstreet.  
"Excuse me; it is four."  
"Come! I'll bet you five dollars that it was only three."  
"Well," replied the cautious financier, "I don't feel sure enough to bet, but I'll give you my word of honor."—Sat. Press.

AN INGRATANT AFRICAN.—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal thus reports a row in that city:  
"A large African, whose back might answer for a black board in a public school, was arrested, and a boulder, weighing about four pounds, was found under his shirt bosom. On being questioned as to how it came into his possession, he exclaimed, with a look of blank astonishment, 'Dat's just what I'd like to know, how dat infernal rock got into my bosom. I s'pect some nigger must have frowed it dar.'"

As INGRATANT AFRICAN.—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal thus reports a row in that city:  
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LITTLE MAN OF THE WORLD.—Well, I suppose you young people have a good deal to say to each other that would not interest a third party; so I'll stroll off and smoke a quiet weed for half an hour or so!

N. B.—Our artist would hold up the above example for the emulation of all brothers, under similar circumstances.

THE OLD SKEWER.—Judge M., of Springfield, famous for a remarkably retentive memory, and who, as Judge of Probate for Hampden County for a long series of years, endeared himself by his kindness and benevolence to hundreds of widows and orphans, was standing, one day, on Monday morning, seven or eight years ago, upon the steps of Kisha Gunn's store on Main street (now occupied by Tilly Haynes & Co., as a clothing store, and which used to be a famous resort for "old settlers") when Doctor C. chanced to pass.

"Doctor, Doctor!" sung out the Judge, rapping and beckoning with his cane to the reverend old gentleman, who had passed by without observing the Judge; "I have been trying to think," said the Judge, scratching his head, "whether it is nineteen or twenty years ago since you first gave us the sermon you preached yesterday afternoon."

"Twenty, Judge, twenty!" cried the Doctor as he turned, and without another word, kept on his course up the street.

HARD BREAD, OR A HARD STORY.—How hard corn bread may be made will appear from the following story, told by an old gentleman in Western Arkansas:  
"I have been living down here below Fort Smith for twenty years. The desk in my office is at the head of a long flight of stairs, and in the haste of business my inkstand is often knocked off and rolled down. For a long time I could get no material that would stand this usage. Glass was out of the question. Stone broke like crockery. The hardest wood I could find soon gave way. Finally, a lucky thought struck me. I sent up to one of my neighbors, the widow B., for a piece of her corn bread. After mulling several fine tools, I succeeded in hollowing it out, and shaping it into an inkstand. That was ten years ago; and, stranger, I've used that inkstand ever since; and I reckon it is good for at least two generations longer!"

HARD TO CONVINCE.—Some years ago, when a warm canvass was going on for a Senator in the Legislature of Virginia, the issue turned principally upon the subject of "internal improvement" in the State, by opening canals, railroads, and turnpikes. Mr. C., who was the candidate in favor of State expenditures for these objects, encountered the opposition of an honest but not very intelligent voter of the district, whose vote he wished to obtain; and for this purpose he attempted to convince the voter, by argument, of the error of his opinion; and finally remarked, "My friend, if you were acquainted with the geography of the State, I am sure you would agree with me in opinion, and give me your vote." "But, Mr. C.," replied his sage opponent, "the fact is, I do not believe in geography!" This was enough. Mr. C. thought it quite useless to argue longer with a man who did not even "believe in geography," and consequently lost his vote.

## Agricultural.

## ABOUT DRYING APPLES.

October and November are the best months for drying apples, and the well-ripened, choice fall varieties are by far the best for the purpose. Some people have an idea that anything in the shape of an apple, big enough to pare, cut and core, let the flavor be what it may, is just as good for drying as another. We beg leave to correct this error. It is just as important to have a good apple to dry, as to eat raw, cook or bake. To those, therefore, who want good dried apples, we will offer a few suggestions.

1. Let your apples be of good size, fair in shape, choice in flavor—sweet or tart, as you may prefer; both are good for a variety of purposes. They should be gathered without bruising; laid by till nearly ripe, but not quite ripe; pared with a machine; if you have a good one—and quartered, or half-quartered according to the size of the fruit, of the use to be made of the article when dried.

2. Let the work be done as rapidly as possible, for the fruit may ripen too fast after beginning to do them, and keep the cutting and coring up with the paring; for the moment the open flesh of the fruit becomes exposed to the atmosphere, or heated, it begins to lose its aroma, moisture, and flavor, all to the damage of its quality when dried.

3. If you choose to string them, which may be done, or not, as you prefer, do it as soon as you can. We should not dry them, preferring wire-racks for the purpose. Then instead of hanging them up by the side of the house, in the sun, or in the kitchen, where millions of flies will alight upon, and live on them for several days, put them in a kiln, or drying-room, with a heat of a hundred degrees of thermometer. Let the kiln be ventilated at the bottom and top, to pass off the exhaling moisture, but not enough to make a perceptible draft through it.

4. When the drying heat has sufficiently closed the pores of the cut fruit to prevent the escape of its aroma, the heat may be modified ten or twenty degrees, and so continue until they are sufficiently cured for storing away, which may be known by breaking a few pieces, and the absence of any settled moisture in the flesh, showing fermentation.

5. When sufficiently cured, pack them away in small bags, or sacks, not closely crowded in, but as they will naturally fill; tie them closely, and hang them to nails on the side of a dry room. They will thus keep indefinitely, or till you want to use them.

A well selected apple, properly pared, cut, cored and cured, is one of the best luxuries of the table, while indifferent varieties, carelessly worked up, strung and dried in the kitchen, half covered with flies, fused with the steams of cookery, dust, and the accumulations and exhalations of an open and disordered living room, are not fit to eat, nor even to sell. We have seen apples dried after the latter fashion, even in the households of otherwise tidy people, and to those who are in the habit of doing so, we say, try the other plan, and if they do not acknowledge it a better way, in every possible use an apple can be put to, call upon us for the difference in expense.—American Agriculturist.

TO SAVE TREES FROM MICE.—Messrs. Ebs.—As we often hear complaints about the depredations of mice upon fruit trees, and the inquiry how to prevent their depredations, I thought I would give my remedy, to wit:—Some six years since, about the first month, when the snow was some twelve to eighteen inches deep, I found the mice had commenced gnawing several young trees in my orchard, and on one side of my small nursery, along side of the fence; some fifty rows, 11-12 rods from the fence, were more than half destroyed. What to do I did not know, but finally concluded to try ashes—by so doing save them. I took dry ashes and strewed around those trees in the orchard, and along on the nursery rows on top of the snow, and not a mark of a mouse track did I see after. I have used ashes about my trees ever since, by applying them about the roots and bodies of my trees, from January to April, and have not had one tree injured since. I consider this a perfect preventive, and at the same time a great benefit to the tree.—Corres. Rural New Yorker.

VITRIOL AND FENCE POSTS.—Of the many methods of preserving fence posts from decay, none is perhaps more simple and cheap than the one of soaking them in blue vitriol. At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club, in Hudson, N. Y., one of the members exhibited a post soaked in a solution of blue vitriol, one pound of vitriol being used to twenty quarts of water. The post was pine, and when taken up was as sound as when first put down, eight years ago. This solution is good for all kinds of timber exposed to the weather—spouts, shingles, stakes, bean-poles, &c.

WINTER HARLEY FOR FEEDING SHEEP.—A correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette writes to that journal:—"Last spring a farmer in Hants fed his sheep on this dry plant, after it was in ear; his flock have not recovered from the effects of it yet. In August it first scoured them, and he has lost some 23 ewes and several lambs; they dwindle away, and the shepherd says when they die, they have not a drop of blood in their veins."

FLOWER FARMS.—Why not whole farms devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and sweet-scented plants, to furnish materials for the manufacture of perfumes? Look at the immense importations of these things, and then inquire why not produce them at home? Why not a field of roses as well as a field of corn?—The Cincinnati.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—Johnson.

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## BEDDING FOR CATTLE.

The importance of this is conceded for the horse, and most humane owners provide straw or refuse hay to put the nag at his ease when he lies down in his stable. It is quite as important for all the ruminant animals that we have domesticated. Instantly prompts them to seek the driest, warmest spot in the pasture for their repose, and Nature spreads for them the soft green turf, quite as much for their rest, as for their sustenance. The wise farmer will profit by Nature's hint, and when he stables his cattle for the winter, will provide dry warm beds.

Bedding favors the accumulation of fat and muscle, by helping to retain the animal heat, and promoting quiet and comfort. It also promotes the secretion of milk in cows, for the same reasons. Any one can satisfy himself on this point, by experimenting with a cow a week in a well bedded stable, and a second week upon the bare ground in the barn yard. Cows in milk are kept much cleaner with a good bed, and this is an item of prime importance, with all who love clean milk. Quite a variety of substances are used for bedding. Straw and hay are the most common, as they are the most convenient, especially to farmers who raise grain largely, or who have a good deal of swamp land, yielding poor hay.

In cities and villages, they are often too costly, and this has led to various substitutes, some of them quite as good as straw, and having this advantage, that they add very much to the manure heap. Dry sawdust, from saw and shingle mills, and the fine chips and shavings from planing mills, all make good bedding. Spent tan bark, when dried in the sun, also serves the same purpose, and makes a much more valuable manure. Red-grass is also much used for this purpose, by the sea-shore farmers, and answers well. Leaves from the forest, especially those of hard wood trees, make a still better bed, and form one of the best composts for the garden or field.

Dried turf from a salt marsh is, on the whole, the best bedding we have ever used in our stable. It is cut in Summer, in blocks of about a cubic foot each, dried in the sun a few weeks, and then stored under cover for use. It is very light, spongy, and absorbs urine better than any thing we have ever tried. A layer of it under a horse will last about two weeks before it is saturated. It is then thrown into the barn cellar, to undergo fermentation.

One great advantage of this, and of the sawdust and tan bark, is that they put the animal heat of the stock to an economic use. It promotes the decomposition of the vegetable matter, and swells the manure heap very rapidly.

Any one, or all of these materials are exceedingly valuable in the stable, and the stock owner should use them as largely as possible, for the purpose of increasing his stock of fertilizers.—Amer. Agriculturist.

## Useful Receipts.

CIDER-MAKING WITHOUT PRESSING.—It is stated that a man at Parkersburg, Va., is successful in making cider by the following process: He grinds the apples, and fills casks with one end open, the bottom having some sticks and straw, like a leach-tub for ashes.—On the pomace he pours as much water as it would yield juice by pressure, and that displaces the juice, and sends it to the bottom, from which, after two days, it is drawn by opening the faucet, and as the cider is heavier than water, it runs off at first pure. The pomace, too, having an affinity for water, absorbs that, which displaces the natural juice, and leaves the pomace quite tasteless. This process may be useful to persons who have a few apples and no cider-press.

CURING FLEAS.—A recipe found in your valuable paper, some time since, and cut out for future use, was tried, viz.: to cure fleas on the finger by applying the spinal marrow of the ox on a piece of cotton rag, changing it every four hours; it quite successfully cured a flea on a lady's finger in this city. The writer feels quite grateful for the information.—Scientific American.

TO DYE STRAW BONNETS BLACK.—Suppose there are two bonnets to dye, one leghorn and one straw. Put an ounce of sulphate of iron into a vessel with two gallons of water; make the liquor boil; then put in the bonnets, and let them boil for one hour. Then take out the bonnets and hang them on a peg to dry. When dry, rinse them in cold water. This portion of the process of dyeing is called mordanting, the liquor being termed mordant. After the bonnets are thus mordanted, the mordant must be poured out of the boiling vessel, and two gallons of clean water made to boil in its place; into that liquor put half a pound of gall nuts (broken) and half a pound of logwood, together with the bonnets, and allow the whole again to boil for one hour. Then take them out of the liquor, and hang them to dry as before, when they will be of dusky brown-black color. Chip bonnets, as a rule, do not require so long as straw, because the chip takes the dye easier. The final process is to size or stiffen the bonnets, and put them into shape.—This operation requires two ounces of best glue, put into two quarts of cold water overnight, and next day completely dissolved by boiling. When the glue is melted, strain the liquor (then called size) into an earthen vessel. Into this put the bonnets, one at a time, till thoroughly soaked. When the bonnets are taken out of the liquor, all superfluous size must be squeezed off. They are then brought into shape as they get gradually dry, or they may be dried on a block. After this sizing process, the color of the dye is improved, and becomes black as jet.—Scientific Press.

CREAM PLEAS.—Into one pint of cream stir 1 tablespoonful of flour, nearly a half-cup of sugar, a little salt, and season with nutmeg or extract of lemon. Make a good crust, and your pie will be good.—Rural New Yorker.

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## The Riddler.

## MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 13, 14, 15, was a title of Plato.  
My 1, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, was a Scythian priest of Apollo.  
My 2, 6, 12, 14, is the god of war.  
My 4, 5, 14, 15, 1, is a fourth fury.  
My 5, 9, 11, is a constellation near Taurus.  
My 9, 10, 13, 14, is a title of Jupiter.  
My 8, 4, 5, 14, 1, was the founder of the Eolian.  
My 10, 13, 4, 14, is a town in England.  
My whole is the name of a female writer of the present day.  
Horseshoeville.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 4 letters.  
My 3, 2, 1, is an animal.  
My 1, 2, 4, is one of the months.  
My 3, 4, 2, is a beam of light.  
My 2, 3, 1, is a part of the body.  
My 1, 2, 3, is to spoil.  
My 4, 2, 1, is a vegetable.  
My 1, 4, is a pronoun.  
My 2, 1, is a neuter verb.  
My 2, 3, 1, 4, is a large body of men.  
My 2, 1, 4, is a girl's name.  
My 2, 4, is an exclamation.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what most persons expect to do.  
My whole is a girl's name.  
KATE.

## RIDDLE.

BY LORD BYRON.  
'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,  
And who caught faintly the sound as it fell;  
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;  
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis risen  
sunder;  
'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;  
'Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath,  
It assists at his birth, and attends him at death;  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,  
'Tis the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

In the heap of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir;  
It ignites every hope, every wish it must bound,  
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned;  
Without it the seaman and soldier may roam,  
But woe to the wretch that expels it from home;  
In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found,  
Nor 'e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;  
'Twill soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,  
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear;  
But in short let it rest; like a beautiful flower  
(Oh! breathe on it softly), it dies in an hour.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
My first is either bad or good,  
May please or may offend you;  
My second, in the thirty month,  
May very much befuddle you;  
My whole, though termed "a cruel word,"  
May yet appear a kind one.  
It often may with joy be heard,  
With tears may often blind one.  
Cedarville, Illinois. JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

## CHARADE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.  
The earth was green, and the sky blue,  
For the sun was drinking the early dew,  
When a Knight drew rein, to slake his thirst,  
As he started to hear from a cloud his first.  
He shook out his bridle:—"My steed, we're late!  
She goes to chapel at half-past eight;  
We have far to travel through glen and glade!"  
And he summoned my second his hint to aid.

The steed like a hurricane swept the way—  
For the rider had started at dawn of day,  
To carry my Whole to his lady fair,  
Ere she passed from her bower to the morning prayer.

When the lady came forth, in her judgment cool,  
She thought that her knight was a very great fool,  
That to put on my Second, and rise with my First,  
And gallop so madly, and look so absurd,  
For a bouquet—it should have been roses at worst—  
Not such mean little children of sunshine and showers  
As are called by the name of my Whole among  
flowers!

## MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
It is required to fence in a circular piece of ground with a fence of 8 rails high, one panel of fence or 2 lengths of rails, to make 1 perch of fence in length, so that there will be one acre of ground fenced in to every rail which is in the fence to inclose the same. Required the number of rails it will take to fence thus in an equal number of acres?

## DANIEL DIRKENBACH.

Croftsville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the world like a vagrant? Ans.—Because it has no "ostensible means of support."  
Why is the difference between pardoning and thinking no more of an injury, the same as that between a selfish and a generous man? Ans.—Because the one is far-getting and the other far-giving.  
Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman? Ans.—Because it has a stern duty to perform.  
When is a lady's neck not a neck? Ans.—When it is a little bare (bare).  
Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a field for the place of action? Ans.—I really cannot tell, unless it be for the purpose of allowing the balls to graze.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The British Parliament having passed an act laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all four imported into America, the Colonists considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British Parliament to tax them. CHARADE.—Venison (Venison). GNO-METRICAL QUESTION.—27 113-17 inches.

A friend speaking to Archbishop—, of certain Irish orators, said, "You have a great command of language." "You mistake, sir," replied the Archbishop, "language has a great command of them."

THE WAITER'S EPIGRAM.—"Coming, Coming!"

THE ACTRESS'S EPIGRAM.—"Going, Going, Gone!"